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## NAPOLEON ON CÆSARISM.

It is rather a delicate thing for an Emperor to rush into print and invite the criticism of his subjects upon his work; but Napoleon III. was a journalist and an author before he devoted his attention with such remarkable success to politics, and it is impossible to regard him now as a literary *débutant*. He has long been possessed with a passion for writing, and since he has been seated on the Imperial throne more than one political pamphlet has appeared in which connoisseurs have declared that they could recognise his hand. If the author of the "History of Cæsar" no longer entertains the same "advanced" opinions that he was in the habit of expressing some twenty or five-and-twenty years ago in the columns of a French provincial newspaper, we must remember that circumstances have changed, and that it was only natural he should change with them. When Charles Louis Napoleon, or Napoleon Louis Charles (for the

order of his Majesty's Christian names appears to be variable) was a prisoner at Ham he loved liberty; now, when he is the only free man in France, he rules his subjects, not with cruelty, but at least with severity; and he has quite ceased to believe in the advantages of unlimited publicity, or in the right of journalists to criticise at will the actions of Government.

Many persons are of opinion that Napoleon III. has not changed his principles, but that he never had any—except, indeed, as a man his clothes, which he puts on and takes off as it suits him, and which he casts aside altogether when he finds that they are out of fashion, or that he has grown out of them. According to this view, the essays on liberty of the press, the right of association, parliamentary government, and other features of the free system which a long residence in England had enabled his Majesty to study not only in theory but also in practice, were only so many fraudulent advertisements put forward by the prisoner of Ham in order

to gain the support of the Liberal party in France. Having once raised himself to power on the shoulders of the Liberals, he took the first good opportunity that presented itself of arresting their chiefs and violating every promise that he had made. One of his victims was Victor Hugo, who, when Louis Napoleon was being tried for his life by the Chamber of Peers, had spoken warmly in his defence, and who, after the formation of the Republic of 1848, was one of the first members of the Assembly to advocate his recall to France. Another sufferer by the coup-d'état was M. Thiers, who, nevertheless, according to the inscription written by the Emperor in M. Thiers's copy of the "History of Cæsar," is "the greatest historian of modern times." It seemed a pity, then, that for so many years there should have been no place for him in France, and that it should have been thought necessary to seize the "greatest historian of modern times" in his bed, throw him into a fortress, and only set him at liberty on condition of his



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taking himself and his unrivalled historical talent off to another country.

On such actions as these the author of the "Life of Cæsar" wishes to throw light from his own point of view, and in the preface to his work he defends his hero against just such accusations as are brought against himself. Thus, he complains that, "as regards Cæsar, instead of showing us Rome torn by civil wars, corrupted by wealth, treading its ancient institutions under foot, threatened by powerful nations, incapable of maintaining itself without a stronger central Power more stable and more just; instead of drawing that faithful picture, Cæsar is represented to us from his very youth meditating already upon supreme power." This seems to us an ingenious way of saying that Louis Napoleon did not think of re-establishing despotism in France when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham; that when he took the oath of allegiance to the French Republic and swore to maintain it he had no intention at the time of subverting it; finally, that when he did re-establish the empire he was forced to do so by the pressure of circumstances and by the absolute necessity of putting an end to the anarchy which (according to Napoleonists) existed in France at the time of the coup-d'état being executed.

In concluding his preface, the Emperor avows frankly his great object in writing his "Life of Cæsar." It is not altogether for the sake of Cæsar: it is partly for the sake of Charlemagne, the mediæval Cæsar; and it is, above all, for the sake of Napoleon I., the Cæsar of modern times, that the work in question is laid before the world. The aim of the Imperial author is to prove that "when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to nations the path they ought to follow; to stamp a new era with the seal of their genius, and to accomplish in a few years the work of many centuries."

This argument suits the nephew of the first Napoleon, who, if his uncle was the Julius Cæsar of France, may well claim to be considered its Augustus. But what will the French historians say—what will M. Taine, the author of the essay on Livy—M. Michelet and M. Henri Martin, the Republican historians—M. Guizot, the historian who believes only in constitutional liberty—M. Thiers, who, however much he may have exaggerated the merits of the first Napoleon, is yet not an admirer of despotism—what will every historian in France worthy of the name say to the argument drawn from the fact that Cæsar's "ideas, principles, and system" triumphed in spite of his death? According to the Emperor Napoleon, all systems are good if they are durable; and Caesarism was good because it lasted so many centuries after the death of its founder. Everyone will admit that the durability of an institution is a proof of its suitability to the country where it exists; but this does not interfere with the fact that the Romans did not tolerate despotic government until they had degenerated. What has proved more durable in Europe than the Russian autocracy? But is it for that reason an admirable form of government? If so, we ought to go for our models to Asia, and we should probably find that the most durable Government of all has been that of the Emperor of China.

We perceive that a Parisian journal has published a permission to critics to say what they like about the Emperor's book. We fancy, however, that the great historians will say nothing at all about it. The Emperor has written it to suit a theory of his own, and, before accepting his views, it is necessary to reject those of Plutarch, Suetonius, and of our own Shakspeare, who, however, had at least as good a perception of human character as the Emperor Napoleon.

#### FUNERAL OF THE LATE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

##### THE LYING IN STATE.

ON Thursday and Friday, last week, the lying in state of the late Duke of Northumberland took place in the quaint but stately mansion of the Percy family at Charing-cross. These ceremonies are of such rare occurrence that considerable interest was manifested by the general public, and an eager crowd assembled in front of the sombre-looking entrance, although admission was sternly denied to all who failed to produce the black-bordered card of admission. Crossing the quadrangle the visitor passed through a corridor shrouded with mourning drapery into the great dining-room, which was for the time converted into a veritable chamber of death. The noble proportions of the splendid apartment—worthy of a ducal palace—were at first overlooked as the eye sought to penetrate through the gloom and rested upon the coffin which inclosed the illustrious dead and the splendid trappings with which it was surrounded. The walls were draped with black—the catafalque shadowing forth the same image of death; but the great wax candles were placed round the inclosure gave a lustrous hue to the rich crimson velvet and silver ornaments of the coffin, and made it and the accessories thereof the more luminous for the darkness which pervaded the other portions of the sepulchral chamber. Grim mutes stood in their appointed places, mounting watch and guard over the mortal remains of the prince—for a prince he might be called who added to his exalted rank the vast ancestral revenues of estates which are worthy to be the appanage of a monarch. On the coffin lay the Admiral's hat, sword, and belt—touching memorials of the gallant sailor. Close by were the ribbon and star of the Garter—never to be worn by one more worthy of the honour. The inscription on the coffin-plate set forth the name, style, and titles of the deceased nobleman:—

The Most High, Puissant, and Most Noble Prince Algernon Percy, Duke and Earl of Northumberland, Earl and Baron Percy, Baron Lucy, Poyninge, Fitzpayne, Bryan, Latimer, and Warkworth; Baron Prudhoe, of Prudhoe Castle; Baronet; Admiral in her Majesty's Royal Navy; Constable of Lamcoston Castle; one of the Lords of her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. Born Dec. 15, 1792. Died Feb. 12, 1865.

There was no guard of honour—none but servants of the late Duke and those professional attendants whose presence detracts from rather than adds to the solemnity of death. Many, too, of the visitors who formed a continuous procession all day long were, doubtless, moved by no stronger feeling than curiosity—a desire to see a funeral pageant on an exceptionally magnificent scale; but there were evidently not a few who from motives of affection or gratitude were induced to pay a last tribute of respect to the late Duke of Northumberland. His tenants and his tradesmen, and those who had benefited by his large-hearted generosity, mingled

with the mere sight-seeing crowd, and to them the scene will be remembered as something more than a splendid show.

##### THE BURIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The mortal remains of his Grace were, on Saturday afternoon, buried in the family vault, Westminster Abbey. In the course of the morning the bells of St. Martin-in-the-Fields rang a muffled peal, and before eleven o'clock the carriages engaged to form the funeral procession began to take up their position in Trafalgar-square. Precisely at twelve the gate westward of Charing-cross was thrown open, and the vehicles entered pursuant to arrangement, each being occupied.

The funeral procession left the grand entrance nearest Temple Bar in the following order:—

Two horses, mounted.  
The Beadles of St. Martin-in-the-Fields in their official costume.  
Two horses, mounted.  
Groom of the late Duke leading a horse.  
Eight horses, mounted.  
Mourning Coach and Feathers, drawn by six horses, with Outriders in front.  
Two horses, mounted.  
Lid of Feathers.  
The Coronet of the late Duke, placed on a velvet cushion, carried on horseback.  
The Hearse, drawn by six horses, on which were the Arms and Motto of his Grace.  
Seventeen Black Coaches, each drawn by six horses, with Outriders in front.  
Six Private Carriages.  
The State Carriages of their Graces the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, followed by a long line of Private Carriages.

Leaving Northumberland House, the procession proceeded along Parliament-street into Princes-street, and thence to the Abbey, arriving there at one o'clock. An immense number of persons had assembled along the route, even the housetops in Parliament-street having their occupants, more particularly those at the Admiralty and Horse Guards.

No sooner had the procession left than men were engaged in fixing the escutcheon in front of Northumberland House. In the centre was the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and a scroll beneath bore "Espérance en Dieu."

The assemblage within the cathedral was very numerous, including many ladies—all being in mourning. The procession entered by the western gates and passed along the aisle until it reached the communion-table, where the greater portion of the service was performed. The procession was then re-formed, and proceeded through the nave, to the southern side of the chancel, to the spot where the grave was prepared. The St. Nicholas, or chapel of the Percy family, is situated at the south-east angle of the Abbey, closely abutting on Henry VII.'s Chapel, and immediately facing the shrine of Edward the Confessor; and the grave had been made on the eastern side of the Percy Chapel. Immediately outside the screen a temporary reading-desk, covered with black cloth, had been erected, and as soon as the procession reached the spot it was occupied by Dean Stanley, on whom the reading of the remaining portion of the Burial Service devolved. The choir were accommodated on a raised platform, backing upon the shrine of Edward the Confessor. Every nook and cranny from which a glimpse of the ceremony could be obtained was occupied, and even from the giddy height of the clerestory might be observed ladies looking down upon the solemn sight below, and listening to the sacred music as the choir poured forth the canticle, "Now is Christ risen from the dead," and Purcell's equally touching hymn, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," used in the choral service for the dead. Slowly, at the appointed time, the gorgeous coffin of crimson velvet and gold was lowered into the earth, where the bones of nearly twenty generations of Percys now lie mouldering, and the rattle of the gravel, as ashes were given to ashes and dust to dust, came tinkling down upon the ornaments of the coffin with a sharp sound, which, amid the general silence, was almost startling. The remainder of the service was then concluded by the Dean, and the choir then poured forth the magnificent chorale, "I heard a voice from Heaven which cried Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," and which was followed by Handel's still more touching and mournful melody, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore."

At the conclusion of the ceremony all within the Abbey were permitted to approach the grave and look down into the narrow opening, the gloom of which was almost lighted up by the crimson glow and rich, glittering ornaments of the coffin of the late Duke.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

Were it not for the Emperor's "Preface to Julius Cæsar" the Paris papers, it seems, would be badly off for matter on which to write, for the Imperial production is, with few exceptions, the exclusive subject of comment. One of the papers has made the announcement that "journalists will be allowed the greatest latitude in criticising the Emperor's 'History of Cæsar,'" an innuendo which has sorely excited the wrath of the said journalists for whose behoof this comforting assurance was given. M. Thiers has been honoured with a copy of the history, containing a dedication from his Majesty, in which M. Thiers is styled "the greatest historian of modern times."

#### ITALY.

The King was well received on his return to Turin last week, and has apparently again become friends with the Turinese. He has signed an amnesty for all acts connected with the late riots. His Majesty went to Milan on Wednesday and was received by the civic authorities and the artisan societies. The King was enthusiastically cheered by the immense crowd who assembled to welcome him.

#### AUSTRIA.

The Austrian Minister of State has addressed a letter to the financial committee of the Lower House stating that no representative of the Government will henceforth attend the meetings of the committee until the House shall have decided whether it intends to come to some understanding with the Government in regard to the vote on the Budget. The financial committee, in reply to the Minister's letter, issued a declaration sustaining the rights of the representatives to full and free discussion of the Budget.

The official evening paper of Vienna states that the greater number of the Polish refugees who were imprisoned in Austria have already quitted the country. Among them is the ex-Dictator Langiewicz, who, after his two years of confinement, is at length set free. He has gone to Switzerland.

#### PRUSSIA AND THE DUCHIES.

Prussia has put into form the demands which she is resolved to make as conditions to a final settlement of the Schleswig-Holstein question. She asks for the right to enrol sailors in the duchies for her navy; the cession to her of the territory requisite for the construction of the canal to connect the German Ocean and the Baltic; the placing of the postal and telegraphic departments of the duchies under her direction; and the connection, as closely as possible, of the forces of the duchies with those of Prussia. At each month of the canal she requires that large fortified docks shall be constructed for the reception of the Prussian men-of-war.

#### MEXICO.

Private letters received in New York from Mexico represent that the Liberals were rising in the parts from which the French had withdrawn, and that they now comprise a force of 60,000 men. Accounts had also been received of defeats sustained by the French; but this is denied in Paris.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

#### WAR NEWS.

We have advices from New York to the 18th ult.

The capture of Branchville by Sherman is confirmed. According to Federal accounts it was not taken till after three days' hard fighting. The Confederate accounts, however, while acknowledging

that the place was evacuated, make no mention of fighting. A battle was considered imminent between the Confederates and Sherman's forces, at a point a few miles from Columbia, where the Confederates were concentrating in force. There were unreliable reports that Sherman had received a check and that Beauregard was killed.

A Federal force had established itself in a position to the southwest of Charleston, and the evacuation of that city was considered impending.

The Federals were continuing their operations against Wilmington. The Richmond papers state that three attacks in force, by General Terry, on the Confederate lines at Sugarloaf, north of Cape Fear River, on the 11th, in which Porter's whole fleet co-operated, were repulsed.

There was no change in the forces at Richmond—Grant confining himself to fortifying his new position at Hatcher's Run.

Richmond papers of the 14th ult. mention a report from Kingston, North Carolina, that a column of 20,000 Federals had arrived at Newbern, and was about to advance upon Raleigh, the capital of the State; also that Generals Burbridge and Stoneman would co-operate by a raid from Tennessee. The statement was not generally credited.

General Lee had assumed the command of the Confederate armies. In an order dated the 11th ult. he warns all absentees to report within twenty days to head-quarters of the departments in which they may be. He declares that the resources of the Confederacy, vigorously employed, are ample to establish its independence.

#### GENERAL NEWS.

Mr. Lincoln had called an Extraordinary Session of Congress, to meet immediately upon the termination of the current Session, on the 4th inst., to act upon important communications which he will then submit.

Mr. Fessenden had addressed a letter to the Finance Committee of Congress, in which he estimates the public debt at 2,153,735,444 dollars, and asks Congress to authorise a new loan of 600,000,000 dollars.

The Legislatures of fifteen States had adopted the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.

At another great war meeting held in Richmond, Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of State, delivered a speech strongly enforcing the necessity of employing negroes as Confederate soldiers. The Richmond Senate, however, has taken a different view of affairs; and, while that body has decided upon the employment of 40,000 negroes in a mental capacity in the army, it has voted down the proposal to arm 200,000 of them. A new bill for arming the slaves had, however, been introduced into the Confederate House of Representatives. Jefferson Davis sees the need of an emancipating policy; but the planters are not prepared to make the sacrifice.

The announcement that the Canadian authorities had decided to surrender the Vermont raiders appears to have been premature. The latest despatches from Montreal (of the 16th ult.) show that their trial was still pending. Official documents were said to have been received proving them to be lawful belligerents.

The Confederate Captain Beall, who captured and destroyed the steamers Philo Parsons and Island Queen on Lake Erie last summer, recently arrested at Suspension Bridge, had been tried by a court-martial and sentenced to be hung as a spy, but was respited till further notice.

#### THE LATE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS.

The peace agitation had by no means subsided. Though it was held to be proved by the Messages of the Northern and Southern Presidents that the one party was as firm upon reunion as the other was upon separation, it was considered that the Southern emissaries offered Mr. Lincoln a trifling bribe for the recognition of the independence of their country; and that, although Mr. Lincoln felt himself bound to reject it, his refusal was not so hearty or emphatic as to convince his opponents in argument that they might not renew it with better success on a future occasion. Mr. Seward, in a letter to Mr. Adams, distinctly alludes to this by-play of the negotiators when he says, "The insurgents seemed chiefly to favour a mutual direction of the efforts of the Government as well as those of the insurgents to some extrinsic policy or scheme for a season during which passions might be expected to subside." In other words, the Southern emissaries hinted at the willingness of their Government to unite its armies with those of the North for some such "extrinsic" or foreign purpose as the expulsion of the Emperor Maximilian from Mexico, the conquest of Cuba and the West India Islands, or the annexation of Canada, whichever might be mutually most agreeable or safest to attempt; the price of the alliance to be Southern independence, to be followed in due time by such commercial and other favours as the North might be glad to accept and the South to bestow.

#### FUNERAL OF THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN.

WE stated in our last week's Number that the remains of the late Cardinal Wiseman were interred in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery, at Kensal-green, on Thursday, the 23rd ult. We now publish Engravings of the most impressive incidents of the solemn ceremonial.

During Tuesday night, the 21st ult., the body was removed to St. Mary's Roman Catholic chapel in Moorfields, in order that the humbler classes of his communion should have the opportunity of seeing the body of a Prince of their Church lie in state; and on Thursday, the 23rd, the remains of the Cardinal were conveyed to their final resting-place in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cemetery, Kensal-green, with a solemn state which is but very rarely employed to mark the close of even the most illustrious career in this country. The chapel was the scene of the first and most imposing ceremony in the day's proceedings. A "solemn mass of requiem," it was stated, was to be celebrated there at ten o'clock; and the announcement of this religious office brought together one of the most distinguished and diversified congregations which have, perhaps, for centuries assembled in the metropolis. The admission to the chapel was obtained exclusively by tickets, and the number of noblemen, members of Parliament, and other distinguished personages, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, English and foreign, who applied for this favour, left but little space available for the general public. Not less than between 300 and 400 clergymen were also present; and, as a large portion of the church was set aside for their accommodation, the whole building, which is but a small and unimposing one for its employment as a "pro-cathedral," presented an unusually solemn and orderly appearance. Its pillars and all its other main projections were draped in black, variegated by yellow twisted bands; and the daylight was excluded from any portion of it with the exception of the altar and the semicircular space behind it. For an hour or two before the commencement of the ceremony a crowd, consisting almost exclusively of the humbler and poorer classes, began to take their place in the streets adjoining the church; and almost from the same period the holders of the privileged tickets began to fill their allotted places. The great personages were naturally the last to arrive; but by ten o'clock, although there was no overcrowding, there was hardly a single unoccupied spot in any of the secular portions of the edifice.

The mass did not commence until a quarter to eleven o'clock. It was celebrated pontifically by the Right Rev. Bishop Morris, formerly Vicar Apostolic of the Mauritius, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, President of the Royal College of Maynooth, who acted as assistant priest, and by the Rev. Dr. Pius Melia, confessor of the late Cardinal, who acted as deacon, and the Rev. T. Gloag, of the Oratory, who acted as subdeacon. At one or the other side of the altar were ranged the Most Rev. Archbishop Cullen, of Dublin, and the Right Rev. Bishops—Joseph Brown, of Newport; Ullathorne, of Birmingham; Turner, of Salford; Grant, of Southwark; Brown, of Shrewsbury; Roskell, of Nottingham; Goss, of Liverpool; Vaughan, of Plymouth; Clifford, of Clifton; Amherst, of Northampton; and Cornthwaite, of Beverley. The provost and



canons of the diocese occupied their stalls in the choir. The other English, Irish, Scotch, French, and Belgian clergymen, to the number of more than three hundred, filled a series of benches in front of the catafalque; and as all those prelates were arrayed in their full canonicals, while all the minor Church dignitaries and priests wore their surplices, the whole scene was of an extremely impressive character. All at once, during the principal portion of the ceremony, each clergyman exhibited a lighted taper; and a new and striking effect was produced by this mass of sudden and concentrated light in the midst of the generally gloomy accompaniments. The very tremulousness or feebleness of the voice of the aged and venerable prelate who performed the chief office of the day seemed most fittingly to blend with the solemnity and plainness of the occasion. The Gregorian mass, as arranged by Novello, was that which was throughout chanted; and it was impossible for the coldest or most cautious intellect to listen amidst such a scene to its earnest strains without a profound remembrance of our common mortality.

At the conclusion of the mass, a sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Monsignor Manning, formerly Archdeacon of Chichester, in the Church of England. The preacher wore a purple robe, with white lawn sleeves. The sermon, lasting more than an hour and a half, proved somewhat wearisome. It naturally assumed the character of a review and a eulogy of the late Cardinal, with a special notice of his intense longing and his unremitting labours for the "conversion of England." The face and figure of the preacher are singularly spiritual, and even mortified and ascetic; but there were in his whole address few traces of original and commanding eloquence. The most effective portions of it were those in which he feelingly glanced at the private virtues of the departed prelate.

Immediately after the sermon was brought to a close, Archbishop Cullen and the four senior Bishops present who had received episcopal consecration from the Cardinal were conducted with their attendants to the catafalque, on which the body was lying, and there proceeded to give the five "precatory absolutions," with the prayers prescribed, and the usual ceremonies. Bishop Morris gave the final absolution, and with the chanting of the "Requiescat in Pace," one of the most solemn ceremonies which the Roman Catholic Church has celebrated in England since the Reformation was brought to a conclusion.

#### THE PROCESSION TO THE CEMETERY.

The metropolitan and district clergy then immediately left by the sacristy, and headed the cavalcade, which had been quietly arranged outside the church, around all the avenues to which an immense concourse of orderly spectators had assembled. This portion of the procession, which was first dispatched, occupied nearly fifty mourning coaches, drawn by four horses each, so that before the bier was moved, or any of the chief dignitaries had started, the funeral cortège was already more than half a mile long. The coffin was then removed down the nave, and with its gorgeous pall and escutcheons placed upon an open car, drawn by six horses. Over the coffin rose a canopy of black velvet and silver, with wreaths of black and yellow immortelles on the four standards which upheld it. Neither in its shape nor in its decoration, however, was there anything to call for even faint praise about this portion of the funeral cortège. It allowed part of the coffin and its somewhat tawdry pall to be fully seen, and this is all that can be said of it. Before it was placed upon the car the Cardinal's hat was removed, and carried on its cushion in one of the mourning coaches which followed.

All along the line of route every part was thronged with spectators, every window was crammed, every balcony, housetop, and even the roofs of churches were occupied. These thousands and even hundreds of thousands waited patiently throughout the day, and, after all, had little to reward them for their pains. The procession, except that part immediately before and after the body, was before very long entirely broken up. The first detachment of fifty mourning coaches preceded the rest of the cavalcade by at least a mile, and even this portion was irregular and intermixed with private carriages, cabs, and even carts. The rest of the procession that came just before the hearse-car and just after it remained intact, but the lateness of the hour at which the proceedings in the church were concluded obliged it so to hasten its pace that little beyond a glance in passing could be obtained by any one.

#### THE INTERMENT.

The portion of the procession which accompanied the body arrived at the cemetery soon after five. Every part of the ground was crowded, though it was rather more than ankle deep in stiff clay mud. In the centre of the ground, on the portion allotted to the priests of the Church of Rome, a large brick grave had been formed, where the coffin will rest till a vault and mortuary chapel are built for its reception. The aperture in the ground was scarcely more than eight feet deep, and lined with whitened bricks. All around the grave were a series of barriers, draped with black and decorated with white Maltese crosses. Within these inclosures none of the general public were allowed to enter till the service was over and the coffin had been committed to the grave.

The service in the cemetery was very brief as compared with that which had preceded it at Moorfields. First came the procession of priests in white surplices, two and two, chanting as they advanced, and bearing small wax tapers, unlighted, in their hands. In the midst came the Canons of the diocese, and acolytes bearing incense and holy water. To the number of more than a hundred they came, and, standing round the open grave, lighted their candles and sang the "Miserere." Then came other higher dignitaries of the Church, preceded by bearers of two large lighted candles, with a crucifix borne high between them, and with acolytes waving incense. Then followed the coffin, borne from the hearse by a small carriage made for the purpose. At the head of the grave, as this was lowered, all the Bishops stood as the last solemn words were recited in Latin, and the body was committed to the earth. The whole service scarcely lasted twenty minutes, and differed in nothing but in its pomp and in the hymns being chanted instead of read from that which marks the burial of all Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. At the conclusion of the service the crowd were allowed to approach the grave and look down upon the coffin as it lay in its narrow bed. Though the night was then fast closing in, a great stream of spectators availed themselves of this permission to gaze upon the last remains of one whose memory will be looked back upon with feelings of greater interest, and even admiration, than might have been thought possible from the prominent part he took in arousing one of the keenest religious discussions of this generation. In learning, in benevolence, and piety, it will be long ere the English Roman Catholic hierarchy can expect again to find the like of Nicholas, Cardinal Wiseman.

The arrangements for the funeral and the getting up of the decorations were intrusted to Mr. Taylor, of Lower Seymour-street; Mr. Garstin, of Welbeck-street; and Nosotti, of Oxford-street—all of whom discharged their duties in a most efficient and satisfactory manner.

#### DEATH OF FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.

WE last week recorded the death of Field Marshal Viscount and Baron Combermere, of Combermere, G.O.B., G.C.H., K.S.I., Constable of the Tower of London, &c. The deceased, Stapleton Stapleton Cotton, son of Sir Robert Salisbury Cotton, M.P. for the county of Chester, was born at Llewenny Hall, in Denbighshire, in 1769, and educated at Westminster School. On the 26th of February, 1790, he entered the Army. He first served as Lieutenant in the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers. He was afterwards promoted into the Dragoon Guards, in which he served in Flanders under the Duke of York. He attained the rank of Captain on the 28th of February, 1793, and that of Major in March, 1794, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 25th Light Dragoons in the same month. He had, in 1796, the command of that regiment at the Cape of Good Hope. There he served in a short but active

campaign under Sir Thomas Craig, after which he proceeded with his regiment to India. He then served, in 1798 and 1799, against Tippoo Sultan. He was engaged in the battle of Mallavelly and in the siege of Seringapatam. In 1808 he returned to England, and after commanding for a time the 16th Dragoons in Ireland, and serving on the Staff in England, he proceeded to the Peninsula in command of a brigade of cavalry. At the head of this corps he distinguished himself during the campaign in the north of Portugal, including the operations at Oporto and the Battle of Talavera. In 1809 the local rank of Lieutenant-General was conferred upon him, and early in 1810 he was appointed to the command of the whole allied cavalry under the Duke of Wellington. He remained in that position until the termination of the war, in 1814, and distinguished himself at the head of that force in covering the retreat from Almeida to Torres Vedras, at Busaco, Villa Garcia, Castrajon, Fuentes d'Onor, and Salamanca. In the last-mentioned battle he was severely wounded. He also served at El Bodon, the Pyrenees, Orthez, and Toulouse. On his return to England after the Battles of Talavera and Salamanca he received the unanimous thanks of both Houses of Parliament, in conjunction with the Duke of Wellington, and in consequence of his services he was elevated to the Peerage, on the 17th of May, 1814, as Baron Combermere. In 1817 he was appointed Governor of Barbadoes and Commander of the Forces in the West Indies. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief in India in 1822, and it was while he held that position that he won fresh distinction by the capture of Bhurtpore. On the 27th of May, 1825, he attained the rank of General. In the following year he was advanced to the dignity of Viscount for his services in India. He was appointed to the colonelcy of the 1st Life Guards on the 16th of September, 1829, which he continued to hold at the time of his death. He was made a Field Marshal on the 2nd of October, 1835.

Viscount Combermere married, in 1801, Lady Anna Maria Pelham-Clinton, the eldest daughter of the third Duke of Newcastle, who died in 1807, and by whom he had no surviving issue. He married, secondly, on June 18, 1814, Caroline, the second daughter of Mr. W. Fulke-Greville. She died on Jan. 25, 1837, leaving three children. One of them, Caroline, married the present Marquis of Downshire. The deceased married, thirdly, on Oct. 2, 1838, the only child of Mr. Robert Gibbins, of Cork, a lady of an ancient Irish family.

The heir of Lord Combermere is his son by the second marriage, the Hon. Wellington Henry Cotton, who was born at Barbadoes, in 1818, and who sat for Carrickfergus from 1847 to 1857.

Among the military distinctions which Lord Combermere had received were a medal for Seringapatam; the gold cross and one clasp for Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Orthez, and Toulouse; the silver war medal, with three clasps, for Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, and the Pyrenees; the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword of Portugal, and of Charles III. and St. Ferdinand of Spain; and, lastly, the Order of the Star of India.

Syed Abdoolah, Professor of Hindustani in University College, London, communicates the following anecdote of Lord Combermere's career:—

On Dec. 10, 1824, that distinguished officer, known throughout the Peninsula War as Sir Stapleton Cotton, and of whom the Duke of Wellington said, "I always sleep in peace when Cotton commands the outposts," appeared before Bhurtpore with a large army and a powerful train of artillery. The defenders, however, of that strong fortress were by no means alarmed for the result, a confidence not so much created by the recollection of Lord Lake's disastrous failure in 1804, but because learned Brahmins and astrologers—the former after consulting the Shastras and the latter the stars—had declared that, in consequence of the foundations of the place having been laid during a most auspicious conjunction of the planets, it could only be taken by a crocodile, which would drink up the water of the moat surrounding it. But the hopes raised by the prediction proved as fallacious as those of Macbeth, whose castle's strength "was to laugh a siege to scorn," and who was not to fear "till Birnam Wood did come to Dunsinane." Now, as the wood did come to Dunsinane, so the crocodile did take Bhurtpore; for the name of that animal in Sanscrit is Comber; while, that the prophecy might be almost literally fulfilled, the first exploit of the gallant General was to drive away a party of workmen whom he found busily engaged in cutting a sluice through one of the embankments with the view of introducing water into the ditch.

With characteristic and kindly regard for the sorrows of others, her Majesty the Queen, during the last illness of Field Marshal Combermere, caused frequent inquiries to be made by telegraph as to the condition of his Lordship; and shortly after his decease Lady Combermere received from her Majesty a letter of condolence, written by the Queen herself—a mark of attention, it may be said, deeply appreciated by the afflicted lady. The funeral of the late veteran soldier took place on Thursday last, in the family mausoleum of the Cottons, at Wrenbury, in the county of Chester.



COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL OF THE REOPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

#### DESTRUCTION OF SAVILE HOUSE.

THE well-known Savile House, Leicester-square, popularly believed to have been a Royal residence in the time of the Georges, but historically a place of note, and known of late years as a place of exhibition and as a music-hall, was on Tuesday evening totally destroyed by fire. The fire broke out about six o'clock, at which time a very loud explosion of gas was heard, and the building was instantly in flames. Several steam fire-engines were soon at work, but, although large volumes of water were thrown upon the burning building, there was not the slightest effect produced, and within half an hour of the breaking out the house was a mass of flames from basement to roof, its glare attracting sightseers from every part of London.

At the side of Savile House, or the El Dorado Music-hall and Café Chantant, as its new title goes, was a furniture-maker's shop. This shop was closed; and while the firemen were operating upon the flames above, a curious sound was heard from within, and the men had scarcely time to throw themselves upon the ground, when the whole front of the shop burst out with a loud explosion, and with a force which, had there been any heavier materials than glass and sashes in the front, would have caused injury to the people who were crowding the pavement on the other side of the square. On the right of the "El Dorado" stands Stagg and Mantle's large drapery establishment; and so threatening at one time did affairs look that some of the large stock was taken from the house next the music-hall to another further off; and the fears felt were realized, for the rear of the buildings caught, and great damage was sustained both by fire and water.

The bank of Messrs. Seale, Low, and Co., of Leicester-square and

Leicester-place, whose establishment adjoins the music-hall, caught fire, but was not much injured.

At the time the flames were at their height the Prince of Wales, Viscount Amberley, the Duke of Sutherland, and other arrived on the ground. His Royal Highness borrowed a fireman's helmet, and, thus attired, inspected the conflagration from different points of view. He first went to the rear of the building in Leicester-square, a spot inhabited almost solely by foreigners, and these people were hurriedly removing pictures, books, and furniture, seemingly expecting nothing less than that the large quadrangle of buildings surrounding Savile House would be involved in the same ruin. The distinguished party then visited the front, in Leicester-square, where, though the roof had fallen in, the flames were still undiminished in vigour, which was owing, no doubt, to the peculiar nature of the conflagration, the flames of gas from large mains being easily distinguished in the building. His Royal Highness next passed quietly to Messrs. Stagg and Mantle's buildings, and made himself acquainted with the means taken to cut off the fire, which now showed signs of being got under, and its further progress was stayed half an hour afterwards.

The origin of the fire has been clearly traced to an explosion of gas in the Wine Shades, in the basement of Savile House. A strong smell of gas had prevailed during the day, and in order to ascertain where it proceeded from a gasfitter was sent for, who incautiously took a lighted candle with him, and was applying it along the crevices of some wainscoting when a loud explosion took place, knocking down the man and some other persons who were in the room. The occupiers of the Wine Shades on recovering from the fright were astounded to find their rooms on fire in several places, and, although they tried all in their power to prevent it from extending, it was found to be impossible, and in the course of a few minutes the flames shot up into the interior of Savile House. The building covered a large area of ground, extending some 200 ft. back, and abutted on the backs of the tradespeople's houses on the south side of Lisle-street. There were two large concert-halls and a small theatre in the building, besides several exhibition-rooms and other places of amusement. The concert-hall has been closed for some time. The lower suite of rooms in the building were occupied as billiard-rooms. There were several parties playing at billiards at the time, and they had to make a precipitous retreat into the square, owing to the rapid progress of the flames. The gasfitter, who was the unfortunate cause of the accident, was much burnt about the face and body, and had to be conveyed to Charing-cross Hospital.

Savile House was attacked by the Lord George Gordon rioters and gutted of its contents, though the building itself was spared. Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, of Leicester-square, have sent the following letter in reference to the history of the edifice to a daily contemporary:—

In your notice of the fire that destroyed Savile House, you mention the building as having been the residence of the Princes of Wales. The house which was the residence of George II., when Prince of Wales, and of his son Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III. (whose battered statue now stands in the centre of Leicester-square), was Leicester House, now demolished. This Leicester House stood at the east side of Savile House and some distance back from the roadway, on the site of the present Leicester-place. An engraving hanging in our office, executed about 1730, shows the situation of both houses at that period, with a courtyard in front of the Royal residence. The statue, cast in lead, was originally at Cannons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, and was sold about 1737. Can any of your antiquarian readers inform us by which it was then purchased, and by whose authority it was first erected in the centre of the square?

#### REOPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.

THE thorough restoration of the old Cathedral of St. Patrick, which has been carried out at the sole expense of Mr. Guinness, of Dublin, having been completed, the cathedral was opened on Friday week, when a great concourse of persons attended, and the magnificent pile was filled from nave to chancel. The extraordinary liberality of Mr. Guinness in this restoration has been acknowledged by all classes—Roman Catholics vying with Protestants in their expressions of admiration.

#### THE HISTORY OF THE CATHEDRAL.

It is related that St. Patrick, while engaged in his mission of preaching Christianity to our forefathers, baptized at a well on the site of the cathedral the first converts to the Christian faith. On the spot a parochial church was erected and dedicated to St. Patrick. The collegiate and cathedral Church of St. Patrick was



founded in the year 1190, on the site of that parochial church, by the first English Archbishop of Dublin, some twenty years after the invasion of Ireland by Henry II. The ancient cathedral is said to have been of considerable extent and splendour. Sir James Ware declared that, for extent of compass, beauty, and magnificence of structure, it was preferable to all the cathedrals of the kingdom.

#### ITS DECAY.

In the beginning of the present century it had fallen into a sad and discreditable state of dilapidation. Day by day its fine proportions were mouldering away. The walls were slowly crumbling down, the mouldings were defaced, the arches were falling, the flying buttresses which formed unique features to the exterior had worn away stone by stone, moss covered the walls, the spire had lost some feet of its original height, and the roof was gradually opening to the attacks of wind and rain. The interior had been thoroughly disfigured. A magnificent nave was without a ceiling, and the damp clung to ugly brown rafters and dark walls. The transepts were blocked up and intersected by an unsightly screen of lath and plaster. A huge and venerable organ hid the choir; worse than all, the air was damp, chill, and musty. Even on the warmest day in summer, it was no grateful act of reverence for the visitor to remove his hat as he passed through the gloomy entrance, and to walk bareheaded through the long aisles. Every circumstance conspired to increase the sombre aspect of the cathedral, and it seemed fitter for the resting-place of the learned ecclesiastics, the skilful politicians, and valiant soldiers whose monuments it held, than for earnest devotion and cheerful prayer. To allow this dilapidation proved not only the want of taste but the absence of patriotism. In the midst of a vast metropolis such



a building has a significance entirely apart from its devotional uses and its architectural beauty. It is a kind of stone-setting to history; it is a commentary upon change; it gathers into one focus our memories and hopes. The poetic appearance of ruins and use of ivy do not diminish the disgrace which attaches to vandalism or neglect, and St. Patrick's Cathedral would never in a state of ruin attract the attention of artistic taste. In the mean streets which surround it there is an air of wretchedness and poverty to which its own appearance was becoming quietly assimilated, and having regained its pristine magnificence it now supplies an excellent incentive to the improvement of one of the meanest and most discreditable portions of the city.

#### ITS RESTORATION.

When this fine old structure was thus hastening to ruin, a merchant of Dublin, Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness, came forward, and determined to have it restored at his own proper cost and under his own personal superintendence. The consent of the authorities having been obtained, Mr. Guinness set to work, and was ably seconded by those whom he called in to his assistance; and the result is the restoration, the renovation, and, in fact, completion of one of the finest ecclesiastical edifices in the empire. The work of restoration, considering the vastness of the building and the completeness of the renovation, has been accomplished in a marvellously short space of time. In May, 1860, Mr. Guinness sent his workmen into the nave, and in the July of 1862 the choir was closed. To effect the transformation which has been accomplished as much labour, as much time, and as much money were required as for the building of a new cathedral. In the hands of Messrs. Murphy the contract has been vigorously and successfully carried out. For a long period more than 150 men obtained employment from day to day, and up to the last the work has engaged artisans of almost every trade.

Thanks to the munificence of Mr. Guinness, the present generation will now witness what they never before saw in Dublin—a Gothic church in the form of a cross, open from end to end, from transept to transept, undivided by any separating structure or screen, and unmarred by incongruous buildings or walls. The old familiar features of the "St. Patrick's" of years ago have been obliterated. The whitewashed walls of the nave, and its cold, damp floor; the bare roof; the quaint old organ-front, which, turned towards the nave,



THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL VISCOUNT COMBERMERE, G.C.B.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.)

shut out from the view of those who stood in it all prospect of the dimly-illuminated choir, although it could not stifle the tones of the fine old organ; and the deep-clustering shadows that in corners, at the fall of day, grew positively black—all these have been swept away. So unlike this is the scene which meets the eye of the spectator who has just entered by the south porch that he would never imagine it to be the same cathedral were he not assured that it was the fact. The prospect extends to the very end of the choir, through the arch of the chancel, until it is bounded only by the rich tints of the beautiful stained window commemorative of Dean Pakenham. The symmetrical arches, triforium and clerestory windows, which were once the peculiar grace of the choir alone, are now repeated everywhere to the eye throughout the nave and transepts, and stamp a character of harmony upon the more than trebled extent of the structure open to uninterrupted view. The arched and groined roof of the choir is now seen in the nave and transepts, only a little less rounded. The increased light pouring in from all the windows, and undiminished by obstruction, is mellowed by the stained glass, and still softened to a golden tint by reflection from the Caen stone in which the renovation of the interior has been so beautifully executed. The same columns of black Kilkenny marble uniformly support all the upper arches and windows. The ranges of beautiful arches which delight the eye in the nave and transepts are almost all of new construction, modelled from those of the choir, and also from examples afforded by English cathedrals. The new roofing is of lath and plaster; but at the intersection of the transepts with the nave and choir a portion of the old stone roof has been retained. The gilt boss in the centre was once covered with whitewash; but the workmen engaged in the restoration, on removing that disfigurement, found the gilding so perfect as to need scarcely any refreshing. In the nave there is a blemish caused by a slight difference between the pillars of three or four of the lower arches near the western gate, and those on the opposite side. This was unavoidable in consequence of the condition in which the northern wall was left when rebuilt after a fire which occurred in 1360.

#### THE CEREMONIAL AT THE REOPENING.

Previous to the opening of the portals to this magnificent edifice crowds of the nobility, gentry,



OBSEQUIES OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND: THE LYING IN STATE AT NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE.



and respectable citizens assembled, anxious to obtain advantageous positions to witness the inaugural ceremony; and shortly after the opening, at ten o'clock, every available space was quickly occupied. A number of gentlemen kindly consented to act as ushers, and were most assiduous in endeavouring to accommodate the enormous congregation assembled. Mr. Guinness, Mrs. Guinness, and their daughter, Mrs. Plunket, occupied a pew to the right of the centre nave, approaching the communion-table. A large number of clergymen attended, wearing surplices and the hoods of their degrees, and occupied seats on each side of the nave. Among the notabilities present were the Marquis of Waterford, Lord and Lady Powerscourt, Lord Granard, Lord Farnham, Judge Longfield, the Archbishop of Tuam, Judge Berwick, Judge Keogh, the Attorney-General, the Lord Justice of Appeal, the Solicitor-General, the Master of the Rolls, the Earl and Countess of Charlemont, the Earl and Countess of Mayo, Lord James Butler, Sir Bernard and Lady Burke, the Earl and Countess of Meath, the Countess of Limerick, Sir E. Grogan, M.P., Mr. Vance, M.P., the Countess of Seafield, the Countess of Clonmel, Lord and Lady Otho Fitzgerald, the Right Hon. J. Whiteside, M.P., and Mrs. Whiteside; E. W. Verner, M.P., the Right Hon. Joseph Napier and Mrs. Napier, Viscount St. Laurence, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Sir John Gray and Lady Gray, the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor and Mrs. Brady, &c. At a quarter-past eleven o'clock their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Wodehouse arrived, attended by Colonel Foster, Captain Lascelles, and the Hon. Mr. Scott. His Excellency wore the Windsor uniform and the insignia of the Order of St. Patrick. Their Excellencies were conducted to a pew on the left of the centre nave, immediately in front of the choir. A procession was then formed at the western door of the cathedral, and having proceeded up the nave, the organ and a well-organised choir chanting the 122nd Psalm, the religious services commenced, and were continued until one o'clock. An appropriate sermon was delivered by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. A service was also given in the evening to another immense congregation.

## MR. GUINNESS.

There are occasions when, from its utter weakness and intility, panegyric becomes almost impertinent, and to dwell on the munificence of Mr. Guinness might amount to an insinuation that there are Irish readers to whom it is unknown. He has his reward; not merely the admiration of strangers, not merely the gratitude of his countrymen of all creeds and ranks, not merely the certainty that posterity will preserve his name, and that his memory will become a part of the national heritage of honour, but the

## BENJAMIN LEE GUINNESS, ESQ., THE RESTORER OF DUBLIN CATHEDRAL.

simple consciousness of having really accomplished a noble and useful work. It is enough to say that he has spent at least £150,000 in this extraordinary undertaking, and that his success has been as complete as his bounty was regardless of limit. He found the cathedral literally tumbling into ruin; he made it a more imposing and interesting structure than it could have been four centuries ago, when its

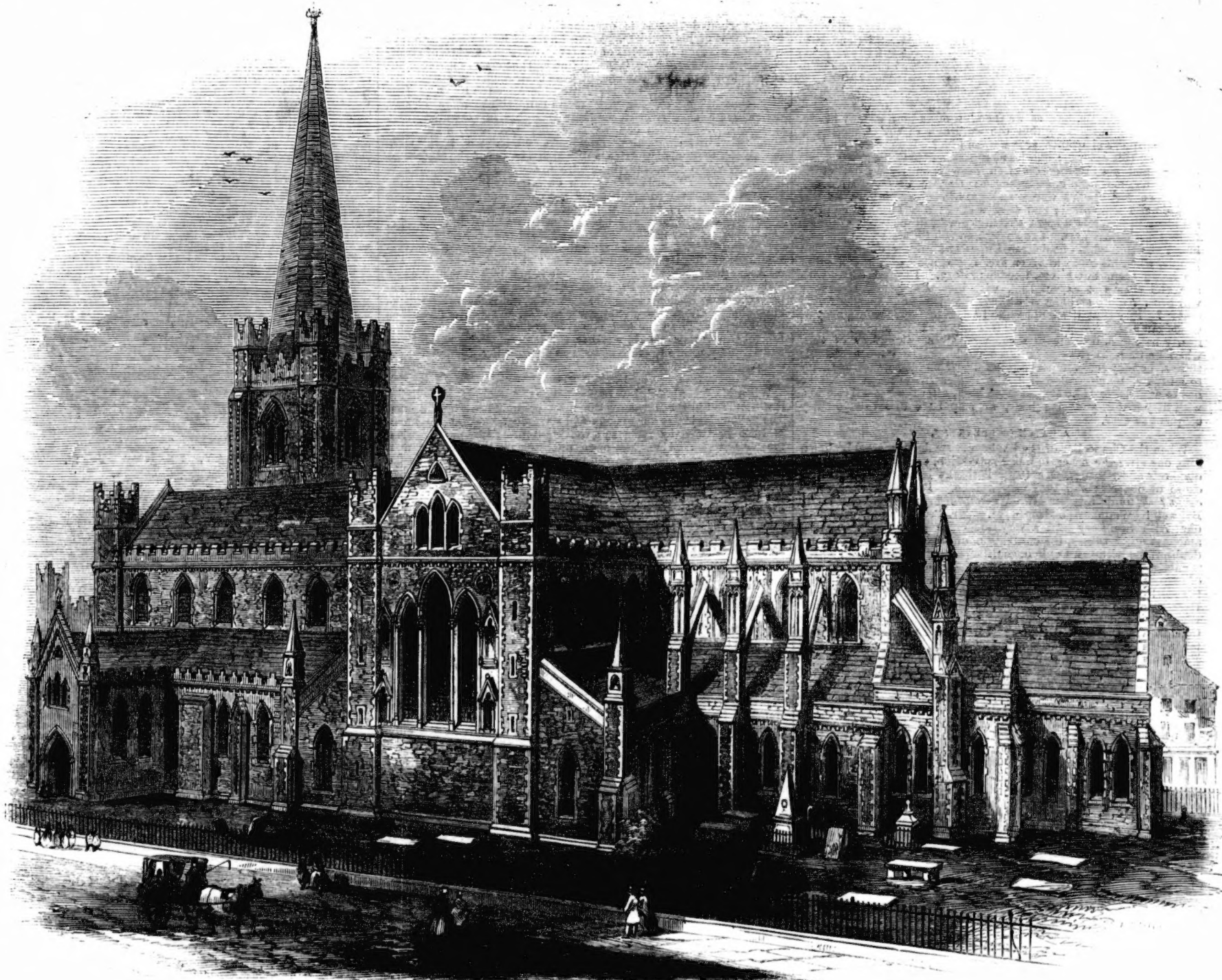
Lee Guinness, LL.D., 1865." The medal is highly finished in white metal, and is inclosed in a morocco case. Similar medals have also been struck in bronze. The work, which is really entitled to high praise and encouragement as emanating from a clever and enterprising young Irish artist, has met with the approval of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of St. Patrick's, and many of the gentry of Ireland.

deans were civic potentates and its scholars, subtle and deeply read. Mr. Guinness is, in truth the second founder of the cathedral, and his name is henceforward enrolled in the highest place amongst the list of benefactors and patriots which preserves the memories of Comyn and Minot.

A short time ago, when Lord Wodehouse was entertained by the Lord Mayor of Dublin at a civic banquet, he made the following remarks while commenting on the progress of Irish industry:—"There are some other branches of industry which I might refer to; but I will only glance at one, and that is a very remarkable branch of production—I mean the production of porter, which has been carried on with such immense success by one of the most distinguished citizens of the metropolis. I associate the name of Mr. B. L. Guinness with the manufacture of porter. During the last twenty years Mr. Guinness has greatly extended the porter trade, and he exports from Dublin large quantities of that article. I take this opportunity to congratulate the city of Dublin on that noble work, the restoration of St. Patrick's Cathedral, which is now almost completed, and which is shortly to be brought to such an excellent termination. Mr. Guinness will permit me to say that he has instituted an example of munificence which confers the highest honour upon the city to which he belongs, and that when we see the accumulation of great wealth accompanied by so generous and disinterested a desire to benefit society, we know that the accumulation of that wealth will tend to the benefit of our city." The most cordial applause greeted these remarks of his Excellency; and the people of Dublin were fully sensible, long before the interesting ceremony of last week, that they owed to Mr. Guinness the respect and gratitude due to a splendid public benefactor.

## COMMEMORATIVE MEDAL.

Along with our other illustrations of the re-opening of the Dublin Cathedral, we publish an Engraving of a very handsome medal which has been struck by Mr. W. Theodore Parkes, jun., of 42, Lower Clanbrassil-street, Dublin, in commemoration of the event. This medal has on the obverse side a bust of Mr. Guinness, with the inscription "Benjamin Lee Guinness," in ecclesiastical or Gothic letter. On the reverse side there is a view of the Cathedral, taken from the southern or Deanery side, with an inscription, "St. Patrick's Cathedral, erected 1190; restored by Benjamin



EXTERIOR OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.



## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 250.

## AN ELECTION MANŒUVRE.

IRELAND again. Ireland is as irrepressible here as the negro is in the United States. The Session is but three weeks old, and we have had four Irish debates; and, before the Usher of the Black Rod shall come to summon the House to the bar of the Lords, we shall probably have a dozen or two more. Indeed, we should not be surprised if we should get one a week; for Irish members are exceedingly lively this Session, especially those who sit on the Conservative side of the House. "What, then," our readers will ask, "is there anything special in the case of Ireland just now? Has Irish distress assumed a darker hue? Has any Irish emergency arisen more emergent than usual?" No. There is distress in Ireland—sad, sad distress—there has always been distress, at any time during the last five hundred years. Distress is a normal thing, and always has been since the time "beyond which the memory of man endureth not." But Irish distress is no worse than it was; is rather, we should say, mitigated. It certainly is not so dire as it was when this sentence was, by the historian, put into the mouth of a typical Irishman, "We are reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken, and idle. We are idle, for we have nothing to do; we are reckless, for we have no hope; we are ignorant, for learning is denied us; we are improvident, for we have no future; we are drunken, for we seek to forget our misery." What is it, then, that makes Irish Conservatives so lively, and so zealous just now in bringing Irish wrongs and the shortcomings of the Irish Government before the House? Well, if the truth must be told, if we are bound—as we are—to pull aside the curtain and show the springs of action here—to reveal the dirty ropes and tallow candles, the thunder-barrels and the manufacture of the lightning behind the scenes—it is this—There is a general election ahead. The sentence has gone forth, and in a few months all these members—Irish included—must away to judgment; and is it not natural that they should prepare for this solemn event? There is always in the house a good deal of talk to "Bunkum." We foresaw that this Session there would be more than usual, because this year "Bunkum" is to be enthroned a Rhadamanthus; and what so natural and proper as that we should, in prospect of our speedy appearance at the bar of judgment, attempt by all means to placate and conciliate our Judge? The Irish, moreover, of all men, feel themselves called upon to do this; because in Ireland there is, and always has been, a widespread notion that it is the fault of the Government that the people are in distress; and unless an Irish member can show the people, and make them believe, that he has at least tried to induce the Government to help them, he will be pretty sure to get a peremptory dismissal. Mr. Gregory sees this; he openly told the Government that the very method by which an Irish member can hope to save his seat is by dissociating himself from the Government. Here, then, reader, is a peep behind the scenes—a glance at the real inner life of the House of Commons. What the English cry will be we are not advised; but the Irish cry is to be, "Irish distress, and no relief from the Government." And it will work—depend upon it, it will work. And when Parliament shall re-assemble, we shall see very few Irish members on the Liberal side of the house.

## GLADSTONE.

And now a few words about the speakers, for some notable men spoke. Early in the debate Mr. Gladstone rose, and when he rose a rustle was heard through the house, and then it settled down calmly to listen to what the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to say and to learn what her Majesty's Government meant to do. Hope and fear then conflicted in the breasts of Irish Conservative members; but was it hope that the Government would consent to the motion of Mr. Hennessy and fear lest it should not? or was it hope that it would not and fear lest it should? The latter rather than the former, we venture to think; for this parading of Irish grievances just now is, as we have hinted, an election manœuvre, and if the Government had assented to the motion of the member for Kings County, the manœuvre would have been defeated—the mine countermined. The Government, however, flatly refused to accept the motion, and Mr. Hennessy and his friends may take their grievance intact to the hustings and make the most of it. "Ireland is in distress, we asked the Government to help us, and it flatly refused; will you support this cruel Government, which will lend no ear to your cries, and refuses to believe that you are distressed?" This is the cry which will be lifted up at a hundred hustings, and, no doubt, with effect. Mr. Gladstone spoke after his own manner—eloquently, logically, but, as we thought, more than usually hazily. Are we wrong in thinking that the wordiness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's eloquence grows upon him? We are not singular in holding this opinion; and let us remember that men's faults, and foibles, and peculiarities do often grow upon them; or, at all events, become more conspicuous as they grow old. Moreover, Gladstone was always wordy and hazy in proportion as he was languid and uninspired; and always direct and forcible, clothing his ideas in fewer and more striking words, in proportion to his feeling and earnestness. The noblest speech of his which we ever heard was that which he delivered upon the wrongs of the Italian people, when his soul was all on fire. It was not wordy rhetoric that we heard then, but direct, forcible oratory. Language comes with age, and are we to expect that, with increasing years, Gladstone will become more and more the wordy rhetorician and less the fervid orator? Pity that it should be so! But perhaps the exigency of Gladstone's position accounts for this fault. Parties are not only nearly balanced, but are in a confused state. Conscious of this, when he rises to say—as he often is obliged to do—unpalatable things, he may feel compelled to be over-cautious, and a necessity to mitigate, by circumlocution, the unpleasant decision which he has to announce. If he should come back, after the general election, with fifty majority at his back, we may have him as vigorously eloquent as ever.

## A BATCH OF SPEAKERS.

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer sat down several Irishmen rose, one after the other, in quick succession, each with his special diagnosis and remedy. Mr. Bagwell thinks large farms a fruitful cause of distress; and they may well be. But what is the *causa causa*? Why do landlords throw small farms into great ones? Oh, Bagwell! We must go deeper yet. Mr. Peel Dawson, cousin of our Irish Secretary and a very moderate politician, advocates, amongst other things, the cultivation of flax—which is good, no doubt, if the Irishmen would but cultivate it, or anything else; which is only saying that there is wealth in Irish land, as in all other land of reasonably good quality, if it could but be extracted. But, there's the rub! Here is land teeming with wealth, and here are labourers. How, then, can the labourers be got to till the land as they do every where else, and as these very labourers do when they get away to Canada and the United States? Sir Patrick O'Brien talks about tenant-right, which we have heard of before, and upon which Sir Patrick, with his small, twinkling candle, could throw no light whatever. Colonel Dunne, who lifted up his tall, massive frame when little Sir Patrick had sunk back in his seat, denounced the cultivation of flax. So doctors differ here, you see, as elsewhere. All the good that Irishmen could get out of the cultivation of flax, in the gallant Colonel's opinion, would be this: They might make their own clothes instead of going to Manchester for them! So far, and no farther, has Colonel Dunne got in political economy. He would have all Irishmen clothed in flax garments of their own growing and manufacture. Oh, wise Colonel! Verily, a Daniel hath come to judgment. After Sir William Heygate had held forth for a time, Mr. Bentinck (George of Norfolk, who sits now ostentatiously below the gangway on the front bench amongst other Conservative malcontents) rose, and tolled forth, in solemn and oracular tones, his warnings. "It is free trade—free trade—that has caused the mischief." Free trade is, to the mind of this sage, "original sin"—the parent stock of all the woes of mankind. And yet, was it not, most learned Theban, Irish distress that necessitated and expedited free trade? And now we must cut short our running commentary upon the speeches of this first night. Time would fail us to notice particularly Mr. Monsell,

or Sir Robert Peel, who, to the great disgust of the Irish, tried to prove that there is but little distress. What! rob an Irishman of his grievance! Foolish Sir Robert! The better policy would be to fool them to the top of their bent.

## ROEBUCK FLOGS THE IRISH ALL ROUND.

The adjourned debate was opened on Monday by Mr. Roebuck. The hon. member for Sheffield's speech reminded us of an old nursery rhyme touching the conduct of a certain nurse to the children under her care:—

She gave them some water, and gave them some bread,  
And whipped them all round, and then sent them to bed.

Barring the water and the bread, as an Irishman would say, this is what Roebuck did to the Irish grumblers. His speech was, from beginning to end, a scold. But how well it was done! how terse and Saxon was his language! how forcible and dramatic was his action! Never in his life did Roebuck speak with more force and effect. The House was carried away by his dramatic power and cheered the actor lustily. But there was nothing in his speech, no philosophy, no statesmanship, no searching analysis into the cause of Irish misery, no suggestion of remedies, except this—"You have all been quarreling, you Irishmen, and now take your whipping, and go and quarrel no more." The power of forcible delivery was never better exemplified than it was by Roebuck's speech. Empty as it was, the House thought for the time that it was listening to something pre-eminently wise and good; and it was only when members began to reflect that they discovered that it was a "tale full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." It is curious that Roebuck should have changed so of late years. He used to be of the philosophical Radical school; but now all his philosophy—if he ever was really a philosopher—is gone; and, in truth, his Radicalism, too. Thirty years ago he would have treated the subject very differently. We should then have had at least a scathing denunciation of the Irish Church; something, too, about former Irish misgovernment as the cause of present evils. But about the Irish Church on Monday he said not a word; nor of the long, dark reign of tyranny and wrong under which Ireland suffered, and from the effects of which she has not yet recovered.

## ROEBUCK GETS AS GOOD AS HE GAVE.

Sir Hugh Cairns, on whom Mr. Roebuck had laid his lash heavily, would not go to bed, nor would he take his flogging submissively. On the contrary, as soon as opportunity offered, he turned round upon his flagellant, and, in Palmerstonian phrase, proceeded "to give him as good as he gave"—namely, better; for the flogging which he administered to his assailant was far more severe than that which he had received. It was all the more severe in that it was administered, too, coolly and with such studied deliberation. Sir Hugh was not angry; he did not strike wildly; but went to work with all the coolness of a practised fighter or of a Spanish inquisitor. But, severe as the punishment was, it is questionable whether Mr. Roebuck felt it greatly. He showed no suffering, but looked the while impassive as a post. Clothed in the armour of self-consciousness, and a sort of Spartan pride, he is, probably, invulnerable as Achilles to wordy attacks like this. If he is in no other way a philosopher, he is one in this. He can bear punishment with the most heroic fortitude. But, if Mr. Roebuck did not suffer, the Conservatives were delighted, and showed their delight by lustily cheering the assailant.

## MR. LOWE.

The grand speech of the debate was that which was delivered by Mr. Lowe. Indeed, except this, there was no speech worthy of this great subject. Yes, reader, "great subject;" for though this subject was introduced to the House from low motives, it is a great subject. The causes of Irish distress, and the unparalleled exodus of Irishmen consequent thereupon, will some day tax the powers of the philosophical historian to the utmost. And Mr. Lowe's speech was in every way worthy of the subject. The right hon. gentleman is not an accomplished speaker. He labours under physical defects, at least the defect that must ever prevent him from addressing an audience with commanding effect. He is excessively near-sighted; so near-sighted that it is questionable whether he can see the greater part of his audience. When he reads, he is obliged to hold the book within a few inches of his face, and to use a glass of strong magnifying power. Now, it is well known that orators derive much of their inspiration and excitement from their audience. Moreover, Mr. Lowe's speaking is too rapid, and his voice too monotonous—pity that it is so, for few men can think more clearly, reason more closely, or utter their thoughts in better language than Mr. Lowe. He can be sarcastic, too, and even witty. But, notwithstanding the drawbacks which we have mentioned, Mr. Lowe always gains and keeps the ear of the House—as all men do who have something wise to say, however imperfectly they may say it. Mr. Lowe's speech on Monday night was a very wise speech, and the House, if it did not cheer loudly, listened with profound attention, which is better. We advise our readers to peruse this speech, as it appears admirably reported in the *Times*; and if they do, they may relieve themselves of the burden of reading all the rest. Mr. Lowe spoke from a back bench behind the Government. It will be remembered that the right hon. gentleman was relegated to this exile from the Treasury bench by a vote of censure upon his conduct as Vice-President of the Council. This vote was proposed by Lord Robert Cecil, and carried, and Mr. Lowe resigned. Subsequently the vote was expunged, but Mr. Lowe's place had then been filled up. His exile will, however, probably be short. If the Liberal Government should weather the general election, Mr. Lowe will certainly return to office as soon as an opening thereto can be made.

## DINNER TIME.

When Mr. Lowe had finished his exhaustive speech, Major O'Reilly rose—and so did the House for the most part, and went to dinner. The gallant Major, as our readers will remember, entered the house in 1862, heralded by fame as a roaring lion. Fame never made a greater mistake. A meeker, more unobtrusive, gentlemanly man than the gallant Major never sat in the house. He speaks in the mildest voice; he is scrupulous to offend no one; he is the tamest of lions, and, like Bottom, he "roars as gently as any sucking dove." He speaks well, though, and is always listened to with respect, if not with profound attention. But, as we have said, it was dinner time, and the dulcet voice of the Major fell upon empty benches and sleepy ears. Of the rest of the speakers we will say nothing, for they were of no importance; and, moreover, we heard them not.

## WILL HE DIVIDE?

Will he divide? This was the question anxiously asked, and dubiously answered, as the members streamed out of the house. Anxiously asked, because "you know, if he won't divide, we need not come back." No satisfactory answer, however, could be got. Hennessy, it was said, declared that he would divide; but, then, this sort of positive assertion is common. Members do not like to say, early in the evening, that they will not divide, as an announcement that there is to be no division disperses the members, and may bring about a count-out. But Mr. Hennessy all along meant to divide. This, as we have said, was an election move, and Mr. Hennessy intended to carry it out, and to force the Irish members to commit themselves. And he did divide; and, though he got only 31 votes against 107, his end was answered. Only some twenty of his countrymen voted. Mark that, ye distressed and starving Irishmen; "only twenty true men stood by me when I so gallantly battled for your rights!" Clever Mr. Hennessy.

THE EMBASSY TO WASHINGTON.—Owing to ill-health, Lord Lyons has been compelled to resign the post of British Minister at Washington. His successor will be Sir Frederick Bruce, our Minister in China, who happens to be in England at the present moment. Sir F. Bruce is not entirely inexperienced in American affairs. His first employment was when attached to the late Lord Ashburton's special mission to Washington in 1842, when the famous Ashburton Treaty was negotiated. Subsequently, for a year, he was Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland; and from 1847 to 1851 he was employed in various posts in South America. Four years after this he went with his brother, Lord Elgin, to China, and has since been entirely employed in that country.

## Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Lord Chancellor introduced a bill to amend the laws relating to the remuneration of attorneys and solicitors. The present system, he observed, was most mischievous; for solicitors were not paid according to the skill, care, and labour which they bestowed upon their work, but according to the amount of words and writing which they could run up. Neither was it strictly legal for them to enter into a contract or take a salary. The bill was very small; but, being of a novel character, it would require considerable care, and he trusted he should have the assistance of their Lordships in passing a measure so greatly needed.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## LIVERPOOL LICENSING BILL.

On the order for the second reading of the Liverpool Licensing Bill, Mr. LAWSON moved, as an amendment, "That the granting of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors was a subject which ought not at present to be dealt with by any private bill." The hon. member contended that the bill was not to all intents and purposes a public bill, and ought to be dealt with in that character. After a long discussion a division was called, but none took place, and the amendment of Mr. Lawson was agreed to.

## THE STATE OF IRELAND.

Mr. HENNESSY, in moving as a resolution that the House observed with regret the decline of the population of Ireland, and would readily support her Majesty's Government in any well-devised measure to stimulate the profitable employment of the people, said that the time had now arrived when it behoved Parliament to inquire how far Ireland was really an integral part of the United Kingdom. He complained that the sister country was governed and the laws administered there upon principles totally different from those which were applied to England and Scotland, and suggested an improved system of land tenure, the reclamation of waste lands, the execution upon a large scale of a system of arterial drainage, and other measures, as the best means of checking the enormous emigration that was now going on and stimulating the productive power of its fertile but neglected soil.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER thought it would be most undesirable for the House to express vaguely and indefinitely its readiness to support the Government in well-devised measures to give employment to the people of Ireland. That was mere sentiment, and might create expectations which could not be fulfilled. In his opinion, what was called "justice to Ireland" depended upon the application to the people of that country of the same principles, not necessarily in every case in the same form, but the same principles, that were applied to the rest of her Majesty's subjects.

Mr. BAGWELL contended that the tone of the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was hostile to Ireland. That country was suffering deeply; and, he said it with regret, he believed the misery that was being endured by the people had driven loyalty out of their minds.

Mr. DAWSON thought the distress in Ireland was mainly owing to bad seasons. He advised the Government to act fairly between all sects, and deprecated the forming of associations, which would only promote party and religious bitterness.

Mr. MONSELL showed that Ireland was gradually sinking instead of prospering.

Sir R. PEEL contended that there were evidences of progress, and quoted statistics in proof of this.

The debate was continued by Lord R. Cecil, Mr. Gregory, and Mr. Maguire, and was then adjourned.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

In answer to the Marquis of Clanricarde, Earl GRANVILLE said that it was the intention of her Majesty's Government to act on the report of Mr. Hardy, Deputy Keeper of the Rolls, and Professor Brewer, respecting the Carew and Corte manuscripts in the Lambeth and Bodleian Libraries, bearing upon the history of Ireland.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE ADJOURNED DEBATE ON IRELAND.

The debate on Mr. Hennessy's motion as to Ireland was resumed by Mr. ROEBUCK, who described the whole thing as a whining for money for Ireland. He believed the present state of that country was owing to its being divided against itself. There were three parties—the first, the old, dominating Protestant party; the second, that party which came into political existence in 1829; and the third, the Fenians, with whom he would hold no argument, but be prepared to put them down with the sword if necessary. A great deal had been done for Ireland, and at this time the country was as well governed as any of the three kingdoms. The only way to remove the miseries of Ireland was for the leaders of the parties to do all in their power to soften the prejudices which existed.

Lord DUKELIN denied that Ireland came whining for money. What was wanted was assistance to carry out great public works of drainage, &c.

Sir H. CAIRNS having replied to certain strictures upon himself which had been made by Mr. Roebuck,

Mr. LOWE regarded the emigration from Ireland as a great good—a cause of good to those who emigrated, and a relief from misery to those who remained. He denied that Ireland was unfairly taxed, nor did he believe that absenteeism was adequate to account for the misery of Ireland. He criticised the various proposals which had been made to improve the condition of the country, and said he believed the principal cause of the misery of the country was the humidity of its climate, which made it only fit for pasturage, while the people insisted on cultivating it in small patches for grain crops. The people were irritated at having to support the clergy of a religion in which they did not believe. Another cause of aggravation was the manner in which the government of the country was administered. It was made entirely a question of party. Then there was want of capital. All these were things which deserved the closest and best attention of the Government and the House with a view to a remedying of the present state of affairs.

Mr. O'REILLY suggested that one of the first grievances to be remedied was the Established Church in Ireland.

The LORD ADVOCATE contended that Scotland was more heavily taxed than Ireland. He vindicated the Government from the charges which had been made against it, and said it would be found that the emigration which had taken place would be for the good of the country. The real remedy for the miseries of the people was only to be found in their own energy.

Mr. McMAHON said Ireland was rendered miserable by the violation on the part of the Government of all principles of political economy. To absenteeism many of the evils which afflicted her were to be traced, and she was most unfairly taxed. The giant evil was, however, the Established Church, which ought to be abolished.

The debate was continued by Mr. Dunlop, Mr. Lefroy, Sir G. Grey, Sir S. Northcote, and other hon. members; after which

Lord PALMERSTON, in a long speech, expressed his opinion that the want of capital was at the root of Ireland's woes. He offered to consent to the reappointment of the Committee on taxation, under certain conditions.

Mr. HENNESSY was not satisfied, and pressed the House to a division, when his motion was lost by 107 votes to 31.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The House of Lords sat for a few minutes only, and, having read the Civil Bill Costs Procedure (Ireland) Act, 1864, Amendment Bill a second time, adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## METROPOLITAN SEWAGE.

Sir W. RUSSELL moved the second reading of the Metropolis Sewage and Essex Reclamation Bill, the object of which was to utilise the sewage of the capital by conveying it to the Essex Marshes, and ultimately to the Maplin Sands.

Mr. CRAWFORD proposed as an amendment, and Mr. Alderman Copeland seconded, that the bill be read a second time that day six months; but, after some discussion, withdrew his amendment, and the bill was read a second time, on the understanding that the measure should be referred to a Select Committee of ten, half to be nominated by the House and half by the Committee of Selection, and that the Committee be instructed to inquire into the most useful and profitable means of disposing of the metropolitan sewage on the north side of the Thames.

## THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION.

Sir J. PAKINGTON, in moving for a Select Committee to inquire into the constitution of the Committee of Council on Education and the system under which the business of the office was conducted, explained that he had two objects in view. First, such a reorganisation of the department entrusted with the superintendence of education as would make it better adapted for the important functions it had to discharge. And, secondly, that that department should be so organised as to enable it to carry out what it did now even attempt—the extension of Parliamentary assistance to public education, not only in the wealthy districts, but in the whole of England and Wales.

Mr. WALTER moved as an amendment to Sir J. Pakington's motion that the Committee should also inquire into the best mode of extending the benefits of public inspection and the Parliamentary grant to schools at present unassisted by the State.

After a long debate, the amendment was incorporated into the original motion, which was then agreed to.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 1.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## LAW OF EVIDENCE BILL.

Sir F. KELLY moved the second reading of the Law of Evidence Bill, the object of which was to carry into effect seven distinct measures for the



amendment of the law, one of which was to render competent as witnesses the parties defendant or accused in all criminal cases.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, whilst expressing his agreement with several clauses amongst the eight of which the bill consisted, thought the principle of allowing the accused in criminal cases to become witnesses, and subject, of course, to cross-examination, was repugnant to the spirit of our legislation, and that in practice it would not be found to conduce to the proper administration of justice.

The bill was read a second time.

#### NEW BILLS.

Mr. CLIFFORD obtained leave to bring in a bill for the abolition of fines for non-attendance at a place of Divine worship on Sundays. In support of his motion, the hon. member referred to a recent case at Driffield, in Yorkshire, where a labourer had been convicted and fined for refusing to obey the orders of his mistress to attend church on a Sunday.

Mr. Alderman SALOMONS obtained leave to bring in a bill to facilitate the traffic of the metropolis and to improve the communications across the River Thames by opening the present toll-bridges for the free use of the public. He proposed to raise the ways and means by a rate not exceeding a half-penny in the pound for a period of twenty years on the rateable property of the metropolis and an addition to the coal tax of a penny per ton, and to refer the bill to a Select Committee.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2.

#### HOUSE OF LORDS.

##### THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Earl STANHOPE presented a petition from the trustees of the British Museum stating the utter inadequacy of the present space for its rapidly-growing collections. He would simply put the petition upon the table, and on a future day he would call their Lordships' attention to the matter.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Courts of Justice Building Bill was read a third time and passed.

##### GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES, ETC.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in answer to Mr. Salt, said the Government were very anxious to adopt every means in their power to place before the public all the arrangements on the subject of Government annuities, &c., although public attention had been drawn to the matter in the House and by the public press. The details of the scheme had been prepared with great care, in order that Parliament might have the fullest information; but an abstract would be prepared for the public, containing in a popular form all that it would be necessary for them to know. This would be distributed through the Post Office and by other means.

##### ARMSTRONG GUNS.

The Marquis of HARTINGTON, in reply to Mr. Laird, said, by an arrangement with the Government then in office, Sir W. Armstrong transferred to the nation his patent for the construction of wrought-iron ordnance. As far as he was aware, Government had an exclusive right to it; but last year a question arose as to the rights of the Government over guns on the shunt principle, and it was referred to the law officers, who decided that the Government had no exclusive power over that invention. Although Sir W. Armstrong had no power to prevent the Government from manufacturing it, it was not in the power of the Government to prevent him from doing so. He had reason to believe that the Elswick company had supplied guns on that principle to foreign Governments.

##### ARMING THE NAVY.

Mr. H. BAILLIE moved that a Select Committee be appointed to inquire whether her Majesty's ships were at present armed in a manner suited to the requirements of modern warfare.

A discussion ensued; and, on a division, the motion was negatived by 57 to 22.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

#### THE STATE OF IRELAND.

PERHAPS our readers may think they are having too much Ireland just at present; but as the state of that portion of the kingdom can never be a matter of indifference to the rest—as our interests and welfare and those of the Irish people are indissolubly interwoven—and as Parliament has devoted two more nights to an earnest and temperate discussion of her ills, their causes, and possible cures—we need offer no apology for again occupying this column with the consideration of an Irish subject. Indeed, in one sense, Ireland is more than ever England's difficulty—not because the condition of Ireland is, *per se*, worse now than in former times, but because the improvement which has been going on in the two other divisions of the kingdom, and the increased comfort diffused among all classes, throw her misery out into bolder relief.

The complaints made by the friends of Ireland are—that she is poor and becoming poorer; that she is more heavily taxed in proportion to her means than England or Scotland; that, besides being drained of wealth by Imperial taxation, she is still more seriously depleted by absenteeism; that, though blessed with a fertile soil and a hardy and industrious population, she is unable to develop the resources with which nature has gifted her; that her people consequently cannot find remunerative employment, and are leaving her in large numbers; and that much of these evils is the result of the system of law and government forced upon Ireland by England in past times. In these statements there is undoubtedly much that is true; but there is quite as much that is fallacious. It is true that Ireland is poor; but we doubt if she is poorer now than formerly. Does even "the oldest inhabitant" recollect a time when Ireland was prosperous and contented? Nay, more, does her history for centuries, if ever, show such a period? We believe

not; and so we may dismiss the assertion that she is becoming poorer. It is not true that she is taxed more heavily than other portions of the kingdom; for of direct taxes she only contributes, like the rest of the country, in proportion to her means, and of indirect taxes in proportion to her consumption of taxed articles; but it is true that she receives back a larger share of her contributions to the Imperial treasury than Scotland, at least, does. It is true that her natural resources are not developed to the extent that they ought and might be; but this is quite as much, or more, her own fault as that of anyone else. Mistaken legislation may have injured Irish manufactures in the past; but all such restrictions have long been swept away, and the Irish themselves now check the influx of capital into their country by making life and property insecure there. Perhaps the corn laws tended to foster a system of agriculture for which the climate was unsuited; but in this Ireland only suffered in common with the rest of the country, for the protective system and its pernicious effects were not confined to her. That Ireland has any special grievances—save one—to complain of in recent legislation or government, we are unable to perceive. As much attention is paid to her interests as to those of the rest of the kingdom. English and Scotch members are as anxious to promote her welfare as that of their own constituents. Ireland is as well governed, and the law is as impartially administered there as in England or Scotland. She is saddled, it is true, with a Church Establishment which is obnoxious to the great bulk of the people; and there her main, we believe her sole, grievance lies. But this, though a great and glaring wrong, is more a source of irritation than of poverty. The "Church of England in Ireland" is an anomaly, and ought to be abolished; but its abolition would neither eradicate poverty nor make Ireland a land flowing with milk and honey. The removal of the Church Establishment would certainly sweeten the breath of society, and might indirectly aid in remedying other evils by leaving the people free to direct their energies to useful objects instead of expending them in battling against it. It may not be the case that Ireland is poor because the people are Celts, or because they are Catholics, or because they listen to demagogues; but probably these things combined contribute at least in some degree to produce the result which every one deplors. At all events, we have the fact that in the least Celtic part of Ireland—the north—where Catholicism does not to any great extent prevail, where demagogues are alleged to have least influence, and which possesses no greater natural advantages than the rest of the country, industry, prosperity, and wealth do abound to a much greater extent than elsewhere.

While we accept the exodus of the people of Ireland as a proof that they are not comfortable at home, we can neither feel surprised at it nor allow that it is a thing to be regretted. Emigration must improve the condition of those who leave, or it would cease. That men better their state in another country is not a matter to be lamented, however we may sympathise with the sentiment that is violated when ties of birth and early association are sundered; but that is only a sentiment, and these lacerated feelings will soon find healing in the midst of comfort and prosperity. Besides, if the Irish suffer from this cause, they are not the only portion of our population that does so. Englishmen, though in fewer numbers, leave their country and their homes every day; and the Scotch are particularly charged with dispersing themselves all over the world, and rarely going home again. Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen all love the land of their birth; but we doubt if either of them suffer any very acute or prolonged pangs on quitting it for a better. Ireland, moreover, is not underpopulated, as compared with other countries; for instance, France, Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Austria, Russia, all have a smaller population per square mile than Ireland. It is asked, if the Irish were as poor in past times as they are at present, how it happened that they did not then quit their country as they do now? The answer is simple. Firstly, there was not so good an outlet then as now—the temptations to go were not so strong; and, secondly, the people have only of late come to know that such an outlet exists. The national system of education has not been in operation in Ireland for so many years in vain. The Irish now know more of the rest of the world than they once did; intercommunication, say between Ireland and America, is easier than of yore, and there are more Irishmen capable of availing themselves of it; newspapers are now more numerous and cheaper, and more persons can read them; those who have left Ireland now send back both inducements and means for others to follow; and from all these causes it results that Irishmen are quitting Ireland in greater numbers than in former times. But, surely, this is not a fact to be groaned over, especially as the labour market at home must be relieved, and a greater fund in wages left for distribution among those who remain at home.

That Ireland is passing through a period of transition—that she must change agricultural to a large extent for pastoral pursuits—that her population will be still further reduced, despite all efforts to the contrary—that she must suffer the evils incident to a state of transition—that no mere legislation will benefit her permanently—that she must depend more upon herself and less upon extrinsic aid—and that, if her people will abandon sectarian quarrels and unite in an effort to develop her resources, she will ultimately get over her difficulties, have, we think, been fully demonstrated in the late debate, and must be evident to all thinking men. This may be but cold comfort, and may be

denounced as frigid political economy; but facts and unbending laws cannot be ignored, and plain truth, however disagreeable, must be spoken in such a case as this. We fully sympathise with Ireland in her troubles, and would do all in our power to mitigate them that is not calculated to add to the very ills she suffers; but, to throw blame where it is not due, to excite hopes which cannot be realised, to gloze over faults that ought to be amended, and to plaster social sores with grants of public money only that they may break out more virulently hereafter, would neither be the acts of true friends, patriots, nor statesmen.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN held a Court on Tuesday at Buckingham Palace. It was numerously attended.

THE PRINCE of WALES visited the South London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition on Thursday. His Royal Highness is patron of the exhibition, which he inspected with much care, and expressed himself as highly gratified with the display of ingenuity and skill which it presents.

THE PRINCESS of WALES has granted permission for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company's bridge at Blackfriars to be named the "Alexandra Bridge," after her Royal Highness.

PRINCE ARTHUR left London, on Wednesday, on a three months' tour in the Holy Land.

THE QUEEN-MOTHER of the NETHERLANDS died, at the Hague, on Wednesday evening. Her Majesty was Anna Paulovna, daughter of Czar Paul I. of Russia. She was born in 1795; was married to the Prince, afterwards King William II. of the Netherlands, in 1816; and was left a widow in 1849.

THE POPE has issued decrees ordering the canonisation of two martyrs whose deaths took place in 1845.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY have elected Mr. Gladstone a member, in the place of the late Mr. McCulloch.

THE DUCAL PALACE at BRUNSWICK took fire on Thursday night week, during a Court ball, and was totally destroyed.

THE ROUELL CASE will be brought up at the Essex Assizes, and Roupell will again appear, prior to his transportation.

SEÑOR DONATO is suffering from lung disease, which will prevent him dancing any more in this, and probably any other, country.

LORD STANLEY is of opinion that England has done enough for suppressing the slave trade on the coast of Africa, especially when we leave so much undone at home.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT has sent M. Ferdinand Pouquet on a scientific mission to observe the phenomena of the eruption of Etna and Vesuvius.

AN AMERICAN PROFESSOR recently skated from St. Paul to Quincy, a distance of 850 miles, in just two weeks, stopping, meantime, to lecture at many points on the way.

A PARLIAMENTARY RETURN shows that during 1863 the number of floggings inflicted in the Navy was 752, involving a total of 25,513 lashes.

THE COUNTRY BORDERING upon the STATES of CENTRAL ASIA, extending from the Sea of Aral to Lake Yssyk Kul, has been formed into a Russian province, under the title of Russian Turkestan.

THE REPUBLIC of URUGUAY has sent to France a Minister Plenipotentiary charged to demand the intervention of Napoleon III. in the conflict which has broken out between that Republic and Brazil.

JAMES JONES, a dock labourer, has died in Hackney, from want of food, although possessed, at the time of his death, of £260, which was impounded by the coroner, in the Queen's name.

THE REV. DR. GUTHRIE has been presented with the sum of £6000, from 774 subscribers, as a token of their admiration of his character and labours, especially as the founder of ragged schools. Mrs. Guthrie has also been presented with a silver tea-service valued at £125.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has left a memoir on the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in England, and on his influence in developing the interests of his religion in this country.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD LUCAN, K.C.B., will, it is said, succeed the late Field Marshal Lord Combermere as Gold Stick and Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Life Guards.

THE BERLIN POLICE have seized a French work entitled "The Life of the New Caesar," by Pierre Verrier. The book bore the address of Geneva as the place of publication, but had been printed in Berlin.

THE ROOF of a SUGAR-REFINERY which was being built near Leith fell in, on Monday, burying several men in the ruins. Two were taken out dead, and two seriously hurt.

A DOG SHOW is to be held on the avenue of the Cours la Reine, in the Champs Elysees, Paris, near the Palais de l'Industrie, from the 9th to the 14th of May next, under the direction of the Zoological Society.

THE LORDS of the COMMITTEE of COUNCIL on EDUCATION propose to open at South Kensington, in June next, as complete an exhibition as possible of the works of the miniature-painters of the present and the three preceding centuries, both in this and in other countries.

A NEW ORDER, entitled "The Mexican Eagle," has been created by the Emperor Maximilian. Twelve grand crosses have been awarded to the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Kings of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, and Italy.

AN ENGLISH TOURIST has lost his life on the cone of Vesuvius; in his effort to avoid an enormous rock shot up from the crater he rolled down the steep declivity, and was picked up at the spot called "Pellegrini," with his ribs fractured and backbone broken.

THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT has instituted a system of advanced schools open free to all classes of the native population. The Government has also under its consideration the question of the secularisation of the mosque property.

THE KING of PRUSSIA, during a late visit to the military hospital of Berlin, perceived a soldier who had undergone amputation of both his arms and both his legs, and asked him if he had a wish to satisfy. "Yes, Sir," replied the unfortunate man; "order me to be shot!" The King replied, "I cannot satisfy so unchristian a wish as that."

A NEW SYSTEM of ROBBERY consists in watching the butcher's man t. your house and then going immediately after with a tray containing meat and telling the servant that "master has sent the wrong joint," and begging that it may be instantly returned to be exchanged for the right one. The right one never comes.

THE TOTAL AMOUNT of LOCAL TAXATION borne by the country in 1862, so far as it has been returned, was £16,646,125. The return is necessarily incomplete; but it is believed that the sum stated is not far short of the exact total. The largest item is the poor rate (including the county and police rate), amounting to £9,174,976.

THE CROWN AUTHORITIES have recently taken possession of some curious old gold rings, found at Inverness, as treasure-trove. They are composed of twisted gold wire, without any soldering, but hammered at the ends, so as to be completely fastened. The gold is of the purest quality, and the workmanship, though rude, is not inelegant. They are evidently of great antiquity.

NEW MODE of PRESERVING MEAT.—A Mr. Morgan, Professor of Anatomy in the Irish College of Surgeons, announces that he has arrived at a process of preserving meat which will remain fit for food as reasonably to time, which retains its entire nutritive qualities, and in flavour is hardly to be distinguished from newly-killed food. Moreover, the process of effecting this is more economical than any other. This process is most simple, though this is ingenious, both which qualities, perhaps, it derives from being a humble imitation of nature. Instead of steeping the meat in brine, instead of imbibing a rush of brine, as was unsuccessfully attempted some five-and-twenty years ago, Professor Morgan follows a higher model. Wherever nature has propelled the vital fluid during life there he injects his preserving fluid after death. To spare our readers anatomical details as much as possible, we will merely say that Professor Morgan requires his victim to be killed by some instantaneous process, such as dividing the spine. He then at once cuts open the chest, and inserts a tube into the aorta, or great arterial duct of the mammalian system. By means of this tube he forces diluted brine through the arteries, veins, and the most minute vessels of the carcass. He thus—and in about two minutes in the case of an ox—washes all these ducts perfectly clear of blood, which he prevents from returning, as in nature, to the heart, by severing its place of entrance at the left ventricle. He then closes that aperture, and at the aorta, by the same means, he injects his preserving fluid of brine and saltpetre, augmented at will by any nutritive components, such as sugar, phosphoric and lactic acid, and even a solution of spices. With such incredible minuteness does this fluid permeate the whole body that wherever in life a cut would have produced blood, there, after this process, would the preserving fluid exude. For this preparation of a whole ox it requires, Professor Morgan tells us, not more than ten minutes, and the cost is about a shilling. The meat lies thus for about an hour, is then dried, and packed, and when reopened for use will be found to have lost not a single one of its nutritive qualities, can be used in every possible form of cooking, and retains all the flavour of fresh meat.





REOPENING OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.—SEE PAGE 131.





FUNERAL OF CARDINAL WISEMAN : THE CEREMONIAL AT MOORFIELDS CHAPEL.



### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE surviving sons of the late Earl Berkeley have come to the rescue of the reputation of their father and mother from the "foul slanders heaped upon the memories of their parents" by Mr. Grantley Berkeley. The pamphlet published by "the surviving sons," Lord Fitzhardinge, Augustus Fitzhardinge Berkeley, Francis Henry Fitzhardinge Berkeley, and Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge Berkeley, now lies before me. It is well written; the tone of it is suitably indignant; the answers seem to be complete; and if Mr. Grantley Berkeley have any feeling left, it will make him wince. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, it will be remembered, charges his parents with some strange crimes—perjury, forgery, and something even worse. The writers meet these charges boldly, denying them all indignantly; prove that in all cases their brother is not a competent witness, and in most that the charges are not true. Hear how one of the charges is disposed of. Mr. Grantley Berkeley insinuates that his father and mother committed forgery by means of "a strange machine." On this the surviving sons say, "Of all the 'recollections,' this is the most astounding. The machine Mr. Grantley Berkeley collects was a copying-machine, and the whole circumstances are perfectly well remembered by Mr. Henry Berkeley (M.P. for Bristol), to whom (he being six years older than his brother) the facts did not present that 'mystery' which had such 'charms' for the 'childhood' of Mr. Grantley Berkeley, who, for the tender age of eight years, seems to have been remarkably alive to mysterious impressions. The late Earl, as Lord Lieutenant of Gloucestershire, had to conduct a voluminous correspondence; to save himself the trouble of copying his letters—a labour which he detested—a machine was procured, which was intended to write and copy letters simultaneously." The machine failed; "and in this simple fact," continues the narrative, "surrounded by an accretion of myths as to 'whisperings,' 'strange-looking old papers, a book, and a parchment,' Mr. Grantley Berkeley bases the belief that his father and mother committed forgery, and publishes it to the world."

Mr. Grantley Berkeley tells the public that Mr. Moreton Berkeley was by his mother, with the aid and concurrence of his elder brothers, and notably of Mr. Henry Berkeley, deprived of proper education, beguiled into unwittingly signing away his inheritance, and degraded to the condition of a gamekeeper. To which the answer is that "Mr. Moreton Berkeley had the same education as his brothers—viz., by a private tutor at home, until he went to Corpus, at Oxford, as a gentleman commoner; he there remained until he passed his first examination; he then voluntarily left the University, and, notwithstanding his mother's wish that he should remain to take his M.A. degree, he by choice took to the life of a country gentleman, which he has ever since followed." On the charge that certain conspirators, inspired by his mother, continually persuaded Mr. Moreton Berkeley to go up to sign deeds to get rid of his property, "the surviving sons," including the said Mr. Moreton Berkeley, make answer, that Mr. Moreton Berkeley whilst at Oxford was a minor, and "that minors are incapable of executing deeds." I must now leave this pamphlet. I have only given a taste of it. If my readers want to know more, they must get the pamphlet itself. The somewhat romantic history of the Berkeley family is worth studying; but if any of my readers wish to study it they had better steer clear of Mr. Grantley Berkeley and go to the fountain-head—the journals of the House of Lords—where it is all written, and where, with little trouble, it may be drawn out into intelligible coherence.

Mr. Leonard Edmunds must have had powerful friends, or fortune must have long since made him her special favourite. In 1833 he was made Clerk of the Patents—salary, £400 a year; about the year 1848 he got the place of Reading Clerk and Clerk of Private Committees in the House of Lords—salary, £1500 a year; in 1851 he added to his income £600 a year by obtaining the office of Clerk of the Commissioners of Patents: total salary, £2500—a very pleasant income indeed, and sufficient, one would think, to keep a respectable living man, as Mr. Edmunds is said to be, clear of all indebtedness and other money botherations. But Mr. Edmunds has got himself into a terrible mess, notwithstanding his handsome income. His accounts at the Patent Office show a deficit something near £10,000, part of which he has refunded, and the balance of which he will have to refund. He has lost his place of Clerk of Patents, and has resigned, voluntarily or under pressure, his clerkship of the House of Lords. Still, fortune has not quite forsaken him. Notwithstanding the questionable circumstances under which he leaves the House of Lords, their Lordships allow him a pension for life of £800 a year. Thus much about Mr. Edmunds. The Lord Chancellor is a great reformer, and cannot endure anything like an abuse; but he can, nevertheless, take care of his own family. He it was that compelled Mr. Edmunds to give up both the places mentioned above, and very proper it was to do this; but does not the appointment of his son-in-law to the one and his son to the other office seem rather to taint his motives? The whole of these transactions look so "fishy" that it would be well if some independent guardian of the public purse would move for copies of all correspondence in the matter of the Patent Office and Mr. Edmunds; and when the vote for the salaries to the House of Lords comes on, move for a stoppage of the supplies until their Lordships shall deign to give some explanation of the pensioning of Mr. Edmunds and the appointment of Mr. Slingsby Bethel. Such transactions as this give good ground for the complaints against Whig jobbery, which the Conservative journals, in their great—enforced—virtue, are continually making. By-the-by, while on this subject, and without in any degree palliating the conduct of Lord Westbury or other Whig jobbers, I may call attention to the very different spirit which seems to have characterised recent judicial appointments. There has lately been a judgeship vacant in each of the three kingdoms, and in two out of the three Conservatives have been appointed—namely, Mr. Mure in Scotland, and Mr. Montagu Smith in England. The third new Judge to whom I allude is, of course, Mr. O'Hagan, in Ireland, and his promotion was more a matter of routine than of choice. So I think the legal portion of the Conservative party, at all events, has no reason to complain of Whig jobbery. It is amusing, by-the-way, to hear Tories denouncing nepotism and jobbery, when the veriest tyro in political history knows that in the old palmy days when their party bore exclusive rule in the land, they were the most systematic of sinners in this respect, and offered the most determined opposition to every change which promised to break down the barriers of party exclusiveness and let in anyone who would not shout their peculiar political shibboleth.

"Pity the sorrows of"—the poor, overworked Civil servants. I don't mean those who are employed in the Post Office, or as excisemen, or Custom-house officers, who are all, I believe, rather severely tasked and not over-liberally paid; but the gentlemen who are supposed to perform duty at Somerset House, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Foreign Office, &c.; and who are making a dolorous complaint that they are not—at least not all of them—allowed to have a half-holiday on Saturdays. On their behalf some one has been pouring his griefs into the sympathetic bosom of the editor of the *Standard*, and denouncing the hardship under which these civil servants labour as the result of "Whig tyranny." Now, it is generally understood that these gentlemen, who are the great adepts in the art of "How not to do it," and embody in themselves the spirit of the Circumlocution Office, have to attend at their offices from ten a.m. to four p.m., and have little relaxation during these prolonged hours of labour except to read the daily papers, take lunch, play an occasional game at chicken-hazard and other such like indulgences; so I suppose these must be regarded as a very hard lot indeed. Really, John Bull should treat his young men better than this, and not restrict the privilege of a holiday from two o'clock on Saturdays to those who shoulder the rifle and go in for volunteer drill, or inclose their lower limbs in flannel swathing and go to play cricket in Battersea Park on ground specially allotted to them by Mr. Cowper, the Chief Commissioner of Works. Why should these over-worked officials be restrained from a holiday unless they go to play at soldiers or at cricket? and how is it possible for human nature to sustain the fatigue of doing next to nothing for six hours out of the twenty-four? In sooth, Mr. Bull, it too bad to allow "Whig tyrants" to perpetrate such cruelty,

especially as you pay these servants of yours so indifferently—from £150 to £500 a year being the miserable pittance with which you compensate their efforts on your behalf! Fie, John, fie, you really must reform all that!

I saw a new style of advertisement the other day, which was certainly not the puff direct, but which I mention on account of the rap on the knuckles it administers to the *Athenæum*. Some few weeks ago a one-act opera, called "Constance," by Mr. Frederick Clay, was produced at Covent Garden. The musical critics of all the chief papers spoke well of the opera; but the gentleman who officiates as musical critic to the *Athenæum* assailed both the composer and librettist in the bitterest and most caustic terms. The publishers of "Constance," have, according to the usual custom, printed extracts from the opinions of the press, in which the *Times* declares that "Constance" contains really graceful thoughts; the *Telegraph*, that a song is charming; and the other papers above mentioned chime in with words of praise. Then, at the end of the column, there is this extract from the *Athenæum*:—"There is not a bar from first to last which rises above commonplace. The sentimental music is after the vapid Italian pattern." Thus, the eulogiums of the daily and weekly papers are given to prove that the music of "Constance" is clever; but the crowning and convincing proof of its merits is that the *Athenæum* spoke in dispraise of it.

### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

This month *Blackwood* is so good as to deserve an article all to itself. "Piccadilly: an Episode of Contemporaneous Biography," is just magnificent. I only wish you may read it, and enjoy it as thoroughly as I have done; but extract it out of the question. Very satisfactory, also, is the article on "William Blake," which gives a more complete account of the man than any of the papers yet printed. In the general estimate of Blake as an artist I entirely agree; but would venture to add that he is the most incessant and wearisome of self-repeaters. As for his drawing of the human figure, I would describe it thus:—A man by Blake looks as if he had been drawn upon a stretched elastic surface carefully kept at a certain degree of tension, and the surface was then stretched. Blake has, also, an extremely odd way of sticking people's heads on to their necks. You are frequently reminded of the man that tried to catch his own pigtail:—

His head was turned, and so he chewed  
His pigtail till he died.

Upon the question, Was he mad or not? I say, Yes. Many years ago, when I read the famous "Tiger" verses, which are among the sanest he ever wrote, I at once set them down for the writing of a madman, being at the time totally ignorant of Blake. The article "Etoniana" is very good; but the writer of the paper is hereby reminded that the finest of all stories of old Keats is contained in Hogg's "Life of Shelley." While Keats is on the carpet, I may as well make this remark, apropos of the white-washing passages in the present article. There is no doubt the man was a coarse old bully, cruel, unjust, and decidedly stupid. At all events, he was cruel. Now, why should such a man's small good qualities be allowed to acquire additional lustre from the mere fact that they stand, to vulgar minds, in obvious contrast with his bad qualities? It seems Keats was honest, and could play with his children with his coat off. Very good; and

The stickleback is a good husband

Echo says, What of it? What animal is more domestic than the gorilla? or more "unbending" in its own line of "moral courage"? Old Keats was simply a gorilla that knew Latin. Not a bad sort of brute, unless you offended him; but why a gorilla should receive exceptional praise for the easy virtues is not clear. There are plenty of "unbending" good people who play with their children and get no credit for it. If they would only be coarse and cruel away from home, they might stand a chance of having the other "side" of their characters shown up.

The *Cornhill* contains another of the Garibaldi papers ("Isorna: L'Addio"), which we have all found so pleasant before now, and which we can so easily trace home to the authors, for the pens of husband and wife are both visible in them. "The General, by way of recompense, gave me a piece of roast lamb." What a picture! Garibaldi handing a gentleman a dab of cold meat like the keeper of a slap-bang shop! The article is very good indeed, and let us hope we shall see these papers collected into a volume, with additions—if any are necessary. The *Cornhill* has one very unusual feature—a poem, in blank verse, eleven pages long! "Willie Baird, a Winter Idyll," is, I guess, by Robert Buchanan. It is a Scottish pastoral, broadly distinguished from any "idylls" I have lately been accustomed to see by the novelty of its music and the severe simplicity of its whole manner. Those who go to it for Tennysonian echoes will be disappointed; for it is original—neither "ornate," nor "grotesque," but "pure in style—a very touching story, truthfully told, of a beloved little boy who was lost in the snow:—

A tiny, trembling tot, with yellow hair;

A tiny, poor-clad tot, six summers old;

Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations to "Wives and Daughters" are superlatively good.

Temple Bar contains a good story, by Mr. Sala, "The Red Hat;" and a paper on "Royal Marriages with Subjects," which is informing, if not well written. I extract one paragraph, which may contain something new to a good many readers:—

### THE DUCHESS OF INVERNESS.

The third and last protest against George III.'s profane despotism was made by the late Duke of Sussex, who, in 1826, married Lady Cecilia, daughter of the second Earl of Arran, and widow of Sir George Buggin, whose euphonious appellation she, by Royal licence, exchanged for her mother's name of Underwood. Like Mrs. Fitzherbert, she was no longer in the bloom of youth when she captivated her Royal lover, being, at the date of her marriage, thirty-seven. Like Mrs. Fitzherbert, also, she was not recognised as a lawful wife. As in the former case, however, the verdict of society has been in her favour; and the Queen, yielding to public opinion, created her, in 1841, after the Duke's death, Duchess of Inverness, one of the titles of his Royal Highness having been that of Duke of Inverness. The Duchess is, we believe, allowed the privilege of clothing her servants in the Royal livery, and is treated by the Queen as a quasi-member of the Royal family.

London Society is pretty good; but why has Mr. Du Maurier made the hand of his gentleman in the boat exactly like an emaciated splay foot? This is not a fancy of mine; it is a criticism which every one who sees the woodcut will make. That one accident spoils a good picture.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* happens to contain a good word for Mr. Spurgeon—of course, with severe criticism superadded. I am happy to have an opportunity of saying that I think the high praise given to Mr. Spurgeon's sermons quite just. Perhaps there are not many journalists who know more of religious speakers and writers than this present "Lounge;" and I am distinctly and emphatically of opinion that Mr. Spurgeon's later sermons are models of excellence—allowing for the point of view. The point of view is not mine; and nobody need trouble himself to tell me that the preacher is faulty in taste; but fair play is a jewel, and C. H. Spurgeon is a fine, masculine preacher. Let the kind reader note this:—My own feeling of dissymmetry with the man—his methods, his whole procedure, his point of view—is probably far stronger than that of the majority of those who so blatantly or flippanantly abuse him. So that, in praising his sermons, I speak against my own prejudices; and I repeat they are good, and I never take one up without reading it through.

### THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (I think it always best to commence an article with an illustrious title or an important name) is likely to prove a staunch friend to the drama. Not only does he visit the theatres, but he visits them in company with the Princess of Wales; and, not only that, but personally notices the actors. The other night when at the ADELPHI, which theatre he honoured because he wished to see the farce of "Ici on parle Français," he sent a message to Mr. Toole to the effect that he had been highly

pleased with his (Mr. Toole's) performance when he had witnessed it at Edinburgh, but that he (the Prince of Wales) was still more delighted with it on having seen it for a second time. The compliment has made a great stir in the green-rooms. It is thought, perhaps, that Mr. Toole may shortly be offered a baronetcy. While speaking of the Adelphi, let me say that Miss Bateman, having recovered from her illness, is to reappear as Julia, in "The Hunchback," on March 7. "The Love Chase" is also to be revived, with Mrs. Stirling as the Widow Green and Miss Henrietta Simms as Constance. "The Hunchback" and "The Love Chase" are to be played upon alternate nights, so that Sheridan Knowles may be said to have set in at the Adelphi with terrible severity.

Mr. Sothorn is to have a week's holiday. It is understood that his exertions in the second act of "David Garrick" are too much for him when added to the severe rehearsals of the new comedy shortly to be produced, and which he superintends daily. Although there were some few indifferent houses during the late frost, the HAYMARKET is well filled nightly, and there would appear to be no diminution in the attraction of "David Garrick" and "Lord Dundreary."

"The School for Scandal" is to be revived at DRURY LANE.

A new farce, called "Heart Strings and Fiddle Strings," was produced at the PRINCESS'S on Monday night. The scene is laid at a perfumer's shop in Oxford-street. Mr. Mozart Ludwig von Beethoven Smith, a professional violinist, is in love, and has followed the object of his affections from Brighton to London. He announces his arrival by performing a concerto on his cremona, and, somehow or other, believes that his lady-love has proved false, and married one of the twin brothers who are the proprietors of the establishment. The usual farce equivocal ensues, blunders multiply, and the fun grows fast and furious—among other mistakes, the professional gentleman is believed to be a woman in disguise. The piece is capably acted by Messrs. Cathcart, Seyton, and David Fisher, and is a success. Mr. David Fisher, who plays the musician, is not only the principal actor in, but the author of, the piece; and not only actor and author, but a very accomplished violinist, as his performance of a difficult violin solo proved to a surprised and enthusiastic audience. Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault are announced to appear at the Princess's, I believe in Mr. Boucicault's new drama of "Arrah-na-pogue." "The Streets of London" has arrived at its two hundredth night of performance.

"Faces in the Fire" is the title of a new three-act piece which was brought out at the ST. JAMES'S on Saturday last. It is an adaptation from the French, and dates from the Vaudeville as far back as 1835; but, though I never read or saw "Mathilde; ou, La Jalousie," I should say it has received very considerable alteration at the hands of the translator. The scene is laid in London, and in the present day. Mr. and Mrs. Glanvil (Mr. Fred. Robinson and Miss Herbert) are a married couple without children, and Mrs. Glanvil is absurdly and causelessly jealous. At a ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave (Mr. Arthur Stirling and Mrs. Charles Mathews) a young gentleman of the name of Verner (Mr. Montague), who is ignorant of his paternity, receives an affront from the senior partner of the firm with which he is connected, and is compelled to resign his situation. Mr. Hargrave good-naturedly promises to procure him a position in Australia—a fact which agitates Mrs. Hargrave to that extent that she begs Mr. Glanvil to let her see him secretly on the following day. Mrs. Glanvil, who is constantly watching her husband, immediately suspects a love affair, and begins her usual process of self-torment. The second act occurs at Mrs. Glanvil's house. There Mrs. Hargrave informs the host that before her union with Mr. Hargrave she had been married to an adventurer, who committed suicide in a gaming-house, and left her with a son who has been brought up in ignorance of his father's guilt. This son is Mr. Charles Verner, who little thinks that the wife of the guardian who has always shown him so much kindness is in reality his mother. It must be understood that Mr. Hargrave is in entire ignorance of his wife's former marriage. Mrs. Hargrave entreats Mr. Glanvil to prevent her son's departure for Australia. By the injudicious meddling of a Mr. Cecil Vane (Mr. Charles Mathews), Mr. Hargrave and Mrs. Glanvil arrive on the scene. Mrs. Glanvil is convinced of her husband's perfidy, and Mr. Hargrave labours under serious doubts as to his wife's fidelity. In the third act all would go well but for the indefatigable, good-natured, terrible Mr. Cecil Vane, who, with the best intentions possible, manages to embroil everything again. Ultimately, all is cleared up. Mrs. Glanvil promises to be reasonable for the future, and Mr. Hargrave forgives his wife for not having informed him of her previous marriage, and adopts her son as his own. This is, necessarily, only a mere sketch and outline of the plot. To the innumerable details that give it movement and vitality the space allotted to me will not permit me to do justice. At the termination of the second act the audience called for the author, and Mr. Buckingham was compelled to appear before the curtain, as he also did, in accordance with the modern custom, at the end of the play. "Mathilde; ou, La Jalousie," has been most skilfully exploited, but it has not been naturalised. Its incidents, manners, and tone are French, not English. The adapter has thrown his greatest strength into the character of Mr. Cecil Vane, who is a most amusing personage, who says clever things and does stupid ones, and keeps perpetually committing himself and making matters worse by his unskilful endeavours to repair his errors. "Faces in the Fire" is not a comedy: it is a domestic drama of intense interest. We have the authority of Mr. Squeers that there is no law to prevent a man calling his house an island. The author may not be answerable for the misnomer, for the piece is as far removed from comedy as it is from opera. Another puzzle is how the drama came to be entitled "Faces in the Fire." The plot is realistic, not imaginative; actual, and not dreamy. "The Thames Ablaze," or "Over the Brink of It," would have been quite as apposite a title as the present one. Mr. Arthur Stirling, whose reappearance was warmly welcomed, and Mr. Robinson, played somewhat difficult parts excellently, and Mr. Montague was interesting as the disowned son. Mrs. Charles Mathews acted what, in theatrical parlance, is termed "a very up-hill part" with great force, pathos, and emotion, and commanded the sympathies of her audience. As the absurdly-jealous wife—a modern Mrs. Oakley—Miss Herbert evidenced all that fine artistic subtlety and power for high comedy for which these columns have always accredited her; and, as the impressionable, restless Mr. Vane, Mr. Charles Mathews had exactly one of those characters in which no other actor can approach him. He was simply admirable; and I can endorse the remark of an auditor near me, who said that, "In every part he played, he acted better than the last." Mr. Cecil Vane was a creation; and it is a pity that the author should have vulgarised so capital a conception by making him descend to farce and eat ices in large quantities in the first act; and fire a pistol in the air at an imaginary adversary for the purpose of satisfying his own injured honour in the last. "Faces in the Fire" was entirely successful, the curtain falling on each act to the pleasant music of loud applause.

I find that I have "lounge" to such an unconscionable length that I must postpone my notice of General Tom Thumb and his lilliputian company until next week.

THE BOUF GRAS.—The promenade of the Bouf Gras, in Paris, commenced on Sunday, according to custom, and, as the weather was dry and mild, enjoyed a more than ordinary share of success. Three oxen were carried about on cars, and four other vehicles barely sufficed for the crowd of noble ladies, high and mighty lords, masks of various denominations, and, above all, the gods of Olympus, among whom Old Father Time, Venus, and Cupid were especially observable. The musicians, musketeers, guards, pages, number, and, as they had nothing to fear from cold or wet, seemed in good spirits. As the procession came down the Champs-Élysées, where "there was ample room and verge enough" for full display, it really presented a curious and even interesting spectacle to such persons as had not witnessed the sight before. The crowd in the public thoroughfares was throughout the day immense, and frequently on the boulevards the circulation was very nearly brought to a standstill. Several handsome equipages appeared in the Champs-Élysées, but of masks, either there or elsewhere, scarcely one was to be seen.



## OUR FEUILLETON.

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE preface to the Emperor of the French's "History of Julius Cæsar," has been published in the Paris *Moniteur*, and is as follows:—

"Historical truth ought not to be less sacred than religion. If the precepts of faith elevate our soul above the interests of this world, the lessons of history, in their turn, inspire us with the love of the beautiful and the just, with a hatred for everything which is an obstacle to the advancement of the welfare of mankind. Those lessons, to be profitable, require certain conditions. It is necessary that facts should be reproduced with rigorous exactitude, that political and social changes should be philosophically analysed, that the piquant attraction of the details of the lives of public men should not distract attention from their political task or throw their providential mission into oblivion.

"The historian too often gives us the various phases of history as spontaneous events without diving deeper into anterior facts for their real origin and natural deduction; in like manner as the artist who in reproducing the accidents of nature devotes himself simply to their picturesque effect without being able, in his picture, to give their scientific demonstration. The historian ought to be more than a painter; he ought, like the geologist, who explains the phenomena of the globe, to disclose the secret of the transformation of our social world.

"But in writing history, what are the means to ascertain the truth? The only way is to follow the rules of logic. Let us take it for granted at once that great results are always due to a great cause, never to a small one; in other words, an incident insignificant in appearance never leads to great results without a pre-existing cause which has allowed that small incident to achieve a great result. A spark does not create a great conflagration unless it falls upon combustible materials accumulated beforehand. Montesquieu confirms this idea:—'It is not good fortune,' he says, 'which rules the world. . . There are general causes, either moral or physical, which act in every monarchy, elevate it, uphold it, or ruin it. All incidents are subjected to these causes, and if the chance of a battle—that is to say, a special cause—has ruined the State, there existed a general cause which implied that that State was to perish in a single battle; in fact, the chief inducements absorb all other special incidents.' (\*)

"If, during a period of nearly 1000 years, the Romans always issued forth triumphant from the most severe trials and from the greatest dangers, it is because there was a general cause which always rendered them superior to their enemies, and which did not suffer defeats and partial disasters to lead to a fall of their sway. If the Romans, after giving to the world the example of a people establishing themselves firmly and growing great by liberty, have seemed, since Cæsar, to throw themselves blindly into serfdom, it is because there existed a general reason which fatally prevented the republic from returning to the pure form of its former institutions; it is because the wants and the new interests of a society in labour required other means to be satisfied. In the same manner that logic proves to us in important events the reason why they are imperative, in like manner we must recognise both in the long duration of an institution the proof of its worth, and in the incontestable influence of a man upon his age the proof of his genius.

"The task consists, then, in endeavouring to discover the vital element which constituted the strength of the institution, like the predominating idea which made the man act. Following this rule, we shall avoid the errors of those historians who collect facts transmitted by preceding ages without arranging them according to their philosophical importance; glorifying what deserves censure, and leaving in the dark that which calls for light. It is not a minute analysis of the Roman organisation which will make us understand the duration of so great an empire, but a deep investigation into the spirit of its institutions; it is not, moreover, a detailed narrative of the lesser acts of a superior man which will reveal to us the secret of his ascendancy, but a careful examination of the elevated motives of his conduct.

"When extraordinary facts demonstrate an eminent genius, what can be more contrary to good sense than to attribute to him all the passions and sentiments of mediocrity? What more erroneous than not to recognise the pre-eminence of those privileged beings who appear from time to time in history as brilliant beacons, dissipating the darkness of their epoch and throwing light upon the future? To deny such pre-eminence would, moreover, be an insult to human nature, by believing it capable of submitting for a length of time, and voluntarily, to a domination not based upon real greatness or incontestable utility. Let us be logical, and we shall be just.

"Too many historians find it more easy to lower men of genius than to raise themselves by a generous inspiration to their level by penetrating their vast designs. Thus, as regards Cæsar, instead of showing us Rome torn by civil wars, corrupted by wealth, treading its ancient institutions under foot, threatened by powerful nations—the Gauls, the Germans, and the Parthians—incapable of maintaining itself without a stronger central power, more stable and more just; instead, I say, of drawing that faithful picture, Cæsar is represented to us, from his very youth, meditating already upon supreme power. If he resists Sylla, if he disagrees with Cicero, if he enters into alliance with Pompey, it is all the result of that far-sighted cunning which has divined everything to enslave everything; if he dashes into Gaul, it is to acquire wealth by pillage (†), or soldiers devoted to his cause; if he crosses the sea to carry his eagles into an unknown country, the conquest of which will strengthen that of the Gauls (‡), it was but to seek for pearls supposed to exist in the seas of Great Britain (§). If, after having vanquished the formidable enemies of Italy beyond the Alps, he meditates upon an expedition against the Parthians to avenge the defeat of Crassus, it is, say certain historians, because activity suited his nature, and that he enjoyed better health when in the field (||); if he accepts with gratitude a laurel crown from the Senate and bears it proudly, it is to hide his bald head; if, finally, he is assassinated by the men whom he has overwhelmed with his bounty, it is because he wished to make himself King—as if he were not, for his contemporaries as well as for posterity, much greater than any King. Since Suetonius and Plutarch, such are the miserable interpretations which have been given to the noblest acts. But by what sign are we to recognise the greatness of a man? In the sway of his ideas, when his principles and his system triumph despite his death or his defeat. Is it not, in fact, the prerogative of genius to outlive destruction, and to extend its empire over future generations? Cæsar disappeared, and his influence predominates still more than during his lifetime; Cicero, his adversary, is obliged to exclaim, 'All the acts of Cæsar, his writings, his words, his promises, his thoughts, are more powerful after his death than if he were still alive' (¶). During centuries it has sufficed to tell the world that such was the will of Cæsar for the world to obey.

"That which precedes sufficiently indicates the object I have proposed to myself in writing this history. That object is to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to nations the path they ought to follow, to stamp a new era with the seal of their genius, and to accomplish in a few years the work of many centuries. Happy the nations who comprehend and follow them! Woe to those who misunderstand and resist them! They act like the Jews: they crucify their Messiah. They are blind and guilty—blind, for they see not the impotence of their efforts to suspend the final triumph of good; guilty, for they only retard its progress by impeding its prompt and fertile application.

"In fact, neither the assassination of Cæsar nor the imprisonment of St. Helena could destroy beyond revival two popular causes

overthrown by a league disguising itself with the mask of liberty. Brutus, by killing Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of civil war; he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula. Nor has the ostracism of Napoleon by conspiring Europe prevented the resuscitation of the Empire, and yet how distant are we from that solution of great questions, from the appeased passions, from the legitimate satisfaction given to nations by the first Empire!

"Thus, ever since 1815 has verified itself that prophecy of the captive of St. Helena:—'What struggles, what bloodshed, what years will be yet required that the good I wished to do to mankind may be realised?' \*"

"Palace of the Tuileries, March 20, 1862."

Some extracts from the work itself have also been published, one or two of which we subjoin:—

## "JULIUS CÆSAR."

"To great natural gifts, developed by a brilliant education, were joined physical advantages. His lofty stature and his finely-moulded and well-proportioned limbs imparted to his person a grace which distinguished him from all others. His eyes were dark, his glance penetrating, his complexion colourless, and his nose straight and somewhat thick. His mouth was small and regular, and the lips, rather full, gave to the lower part of his face an expression of kindness, while his breadth of forehead indicated the development of the intellectual faculties. His face was full, at least in his youth; but in the busts which were made towards the close of his life his features are thinner and bear the traces of fatigue. His voice was sonorous and vibrating; his gesture noble, and an air of dignity pervaded his whole person. His constitution, which at first was delicate, grew robust by sober living, and by his habit of exposing himself to the inclemency of the seasons. Accustomed from his youth to manly exercise, he was a bold horseman; and he supported with ease privations and fatigues. Habitually abstemious, his health was not weakened by excess of labour nor by excess of pleasure. Nevertheless, on two occasions, once at Cordova and then at Thapsus, he had a nervous attack, which was erroneously thought to be epilepsy. He paid particular attention to his person, shaved with care, or had the hairs plucked out; he brought forward, artistically, his hair to the front of his head, and this in his more advanced age served to conceal his baldness. He was reproached with the affectation of scratching his head with only one finger, for fear of deranging his hair. His dress was arranged with exquisite taste. His gown was generally bordered with the laticlavi, ornamented with fringes to the hands, and was bound round the loins by a sash loosely knotted—a fashion which distinguished the elegant and effeminate youth of the period. But Sylla was not deceived by this show of frivolity, and he was wont to recommend that people should have an eye on that young man with the flowing sash. He had a taste for pictures, statues, and gems; and he always wore on his finger, in memory of his origin, a ring on which was engraved the figure of an armed Venus. To sum up, there were found in Cæsar, physically and morally, two natures which are rarely combined in the same person. He joined aristocratic fastidiousness of person to the vigorous temperament of the soldier; the graces of mind to the profundity of thought; the love of luxury and of the arts to a passion for military life in all its simplicity and rudeness. In a word, he joined the elegance of manner which seduces to the energy of character which commands. Such was Cæsar at the age of eighteen, when Sylla possessed himself of the dictatorship. He had already attracted the attention of the Romans by his name, his wit, his engaging manners, which were so pleasing to men, and still more so, perhaps, to women. (Liv. ii., chap. i.)

## "CÆSAR'S MOTIVES."

"It is, indeed, a strange inconsistency to attribute to men of superior mark at once the most paltry motives and superhuman foresight. No; it was not the thought of keeping Cicero in check which guided Cæsar. He had not recourse to tactics more or less skilful; he acted on his firm conviction; and what places this beyond doubt is that, once raised to power, his first acts were to carry out, as Consul or Dictator, what he had advocated as a simple citizen; for instance, the agrarian law, and the reinstatement of the proscribed. No; if he supported Pompey, it was not because he contemplated pulling him down after setting him up, but because the illustrious captain had embraced the same cause as himself; for it was given to no one to read the future so well as to divine the use which the conqueror of Mithridates would make of his triumphs and his popularity. In fact, when he landed in Italy Rome was in a state of much anxiety. Would he disband his army was the cry of alarm heard on all sides. If he came as a master no one could resist him. Contrary to the general expectation, Pompey disbanded his troops. How, then, could Cæsar foresee a moderation so unusual in those days? Is it more correct to say that Cæsar on becoming Pro-consul aspired to supreme power? No; on setting out for Gaul he could have no thought of reigning in Rome, no more than General Buonaparte in setting out for Italy in 1796 dreamt of the empire. Was it possible for Cæsar to foresee that during his ten years' stay in Gaul he should be always successful? and that at the end of that period the minds of the Roman people would be favourable to his schemes? Could he guess that the death of his daughter would snap the links that had bound him to Pompey? that Crassus, instead of returning triumphant from the East, would be conquered and slain by the Parthians? that the murder of Clodius would throw all Italy into confusion? and, finally, that the anarchy which he had striven to put down by means of the triumvirate would lead to his elevation? Cæsar had before his eyes great examples. He marched gloriously in the footsteps of men like Scipio and Paulus Emilius. The hatred of his enemies forced him to seize the dictatorship like Sylla, but for a nobler cause, and by conduct exempt from vengeance and cruelty. Let us not be thus anxious to seek our petty passions in great souls. The success of superior men—and this is a consoling reflection—is owing more to the loftiness of their sentiments than to the calculations of selfishness and astuteness. Their success depends much more on their ability in taking advantage of circumstances than on the blind presumption of believing themselves capable of producing events which are only in the hands of God. Certainly, Cæsar had faith in his destiny and confidence in genius; but faith is an instinct, and not a calculation, and genius forejudges the future without divining its mysterious course."—(Liv. ii., c. v.)

\* In fact, what disturbances, civil wars, and revolutions have occurred in Europe since 1815! In France, in Spain, Italy, Poland, Belgium, Hungary, Greece, and Germany.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOURS AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

THIS is an entirely new exhibition, the promoters of which have for their object "the establishment of a gallery which, while exclusively devoted to drawings as distinguished from oil paintings, shall not in its use by exhibitors involve membership of a society." The scheme is an exceedingly good one, and the hope, modestly expressed, that "the exhibition may become an annual," must be amply satisfied by the warm reception that has been given to the undertaking. Such a reception is indeed no more than is merited by the best general collection that we have ever had the luck to see. But when we consider that the majority of the exhibitors are comparatively unknown to the general public, it is a significant and consoling fact that when we paid a second visit to finish an inspection which the over-crowding of the so-called "private view" had rendered very incomplete, we found in the corners of almost all the frames those diminutive dark-green labels, inscribed "Sold," which, to the artist's eye, lend the last finishing touch to a picture. And yet our visit was made on the second day of the exhibition. One great good which this undertaking is calculated to do is the intro-

duction to the general public of such artists as Mr. Arthur Severn and Mr. George Mawley, who, although long known and valued in art-circles, have not been recognised much beyond them. And this good, be it understood, is less to the artists we name than to the world, which is thus supplied with new sources of delight. When has the visitor to our picture-galleries met with anything so pure, so fresh, and yet so truthful and artistically sound, as Mr. Arthur Severn's "Waves by Moonlight" (65)?

The moving waters at their priestlike task

Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,

have never been so perfectly portrayed before; and yet with all the vividness of nature there is blended the charm of skilled art, by which the force of the chief passage of silver light on the wrinkled sheen of the hollow wave is preserved, and the desired effect made without any sacrifice of the truth. The painting of the sky equal to that of the water, and that is simply perfect. If the purchaser of this exquisite work be a really charitable person, he will allow it to be exhibited somewhere in town—when London has gone to the seaside—to solace the poor prisoners who cannot get away for a holiday. Mr. Severn's other pictures are equally fine. In handling and composition excellent, and in poetry as rich as we might expect of the son of Keats's friend and companion, albeit the scenes of some are laid on no more romantic a river than our own Thames. But what can be more gloomily grand than his "November Evening, Westminster" (142), with the towers of the Palace of the People looming large through the lurid smoke-wreaths? It is only a penny steamer that comes straight at you out of the picture; but the paintings we so often see of the famous barge that bore the wounded Arthur away to Eliland are commonplace prose compared with it. The glory of something more than sunlight which Mr. Severn flings, too, over so apparently hopeless a subject as "The Thames Embankment Works" (245) is something marvellous. Let not the visitor miss—indeed, he cannot if he have eyes in his head—the view of "Rome" (23) either, in which the rapid slide of yellow Tiber is conveyed wonderfully. Nor should "A Sunset after Storm" (510), on the screen, be overlooked: the flood of gold smiling the lower edges of the cloud-mass is positively dazzling in its reality. Mr. Arthur Severn has at one stride taken a foremost place among the landscape-painters of the day, and is one to whom London should be grateful for the mastery way in which he has worked out and set down the poetry of which she is capable.

Mr. George Mawley deals in poetry too; but his is of the pastoral kind. "An Autumn Evening on the Downs" (88) is a loving transcript of peaceful nature. "Reapers at their Sultry Toil" (207), and "The Interior of an Old Barn" (211) in which the produce of their labour is garnered, are two English idylls, as simple and honest in feeling as they are finished and felicitous in workmanship. "A Sandy Lane in Spring" (296) is another gem; and on the screens will be found three small but splendidly-executed pictures—"Felling Timber" (452), "A Surrey Farm" (460), and "A Copse" (501)—all of which merit the highest praise.

A strong feeling for colour and a thorough mastery of harmony and composition distinguish the works of Mr. Needham. "At South Brent" (105) exhibits all these qualities to perfection. "Ivy Bridge" (165) is another charming specimen of this artist's work. Another painter of delicious nooks is Mr. W. Moore (there are so many more Moores in the gallery), whose "Quiet Pool" (120) is a marvel of exact study, utilised to the utmost by taste and skill. We never remember to have seen the blending of reflection and transparency so truthfully given as in this picture, in which the stillness of the little basin is admirably contrasted with, and heightened by, the tumbling mass of foam on the right. "The Burn among the Heather" (94) is another lovely bit of nature, as is also "A Westmorland Lane" (163). Mr. J. C. Moore has two good pictures—"On the Arno" (177) and "On the Tiber" (244), the latter of which is exceedingly meritorious, and is very faithful to local colouring and tone. Of Mr. Henry Moore's pictures the best is "Polper, Cornwall" (240). Mr. Poynter's landscapes are monuments of patient labour, but are heavy and want air, though very clever in passages. We like his "Salmon Pool" (332) best.

A picture of "Ely" (315), by Mr. E. Hull, who also exhibits some capital painted "Fruit" (412), is so conscientiously painted, and so vividly brings the scene before us, with its broad, slow streams, level pastures, and luxuriant vegetation, that we shall look forward to meeting this gentleman again.

Mr. F. Dillon is a large contributor to the gallery. His "Castle of Werssen" (208) is a most delightful composition, and his "Edfoo" (232) a thoroughly clever picture, arranged and painted with a masterly hand. Mr. Earle is another whose eye for arrangement assists a facile and cunning pencil. What can be more charming than his "Whiddon Park in Autumn" (6), or that truly enchanting "Peep at the Teign" (156); or, on the other hand, what can be more skilfully realised than his "Misty Morning" (279)? A somewhat similar subject, "Near Edinburgh" (81), by Mr. Hargitt, who will attract favourable attention elsewhere on the walls, is remarkable for the bold effectiveness of its colouring.

Mr. McQuoid, well known and admired as a draughtsman, exhibits several charming pictures, "La Remise, Old Convent at Caen" (13) being especially good, and brimming over with capital painted sunlight. Mr. Keely Halswell, another artist on the wood, shows his power to deal with colour in two very pleasing pictures, "Moonrise" (300) and "The Corn-field" (514). Mr. C. F. Williams has a nice "Valley of the Yaelm" (14), and a beautiful picture of the "Afterglow, Southampton Water" (191), which cannot fail to arrest the eye.

Mr. Pain's "Evening in the New Forest" (275) is one of those pictures which impress one at once with their truth; and the same high praise may be awarded to Mr. C. P. Knight's "Calm Summer's Evening off the Coast of Yorkshire" (54), in which the sea seems positively to lift and fall in oily swells as we watch it. Some "Sky Studies" (112) by Mr. Brierly also lay claim to the same merit of fidelity and clever colouring. Mr. Ditchfield exhibits many most excellent works, amongst which we may enumerate "Evelyn Woods" (97), "Pug's Corner" (463), and "Rocks at Clevedon" (516)—selecting for the highest praise a most exquisitely felt illustration (408) of Browning's

Where the quiet coloured end of evening smiles,  
Miles on miles.

Of Mr. F. Walton's many and meritorious works, we mention especially "Where the Bee Sucks" (453), a splendid bit of colour. Mr. Coleman is largely represented. His pictures lack a something, although they remind us at times of Mr. B. Foster.

Mr. F. Reynolds's "Evening" (446) is a masterly interpretation of a difficult effect; Mr. Pilleau's "Summer" (149) is happily rendered; and Mr. Eddington's "Study of Foreground" (497) contains some capital aerial perspective.

Mr. Vicat Cole exhibits one picture (341). It is—to borrow the expression used in speaking of it in our hearing by a young lady—"jolly." The word does not belong to the critic's vocabulary, but will be none the less intelligible for that. We are almost tempted to apply it to Mr. North's "Old Court, Somerset" (263)—one of the brightest, sunniest, and most vivid bits of realisation in the gallery.

We shall have a few words to say respecting the remainder of the pictures in our next week's Number.

A LAUGHABLE HOAX.—On Saturday evening, at about half-past seven o'clock, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Arley Chapel, Bristol, were surprised at seeing a congregation of gentlemen surrounding the letter-box, as though meditating an attack on its contents. It appears they had each received a billet-doux from some fair correspondent, and, in the spirit of true chivalry for which Englishmen are noted, gladly obeyed the summons. The following is a copy of the letter:—"My dear Mr. —, You will no doubt be surprised to receive this from a young lady with whom you are not personally acquainted; but, as I cannot get an introduction, it is my last resource. Do, I beseech you, grant me a short interview. Meet by the post-box, outside the Arley Chapel, at half-past seven precisely, on Saturday, the 25th.—Ever yours, Alice L.—" After waiting until eight o'clock, and the fair one not appearing (perhaps frightened at the formidable appearance of the assembly, each being armed with a stout stick), the concourse of between thirty and forty dispersed, but not without first eyeing, very suspiciously, several of the fair sex then passing.

\* Montesquieu, "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains," xviii.

† Suetonius, "Cæsar," xxii.

‡ Cæsar resolved to cross over to Britain, the people of which in every war had supported the Gauls.—"Cæsar, Guerre des Gaules," iv., xx.

§ Suetonius, "Cæsar," xviii.

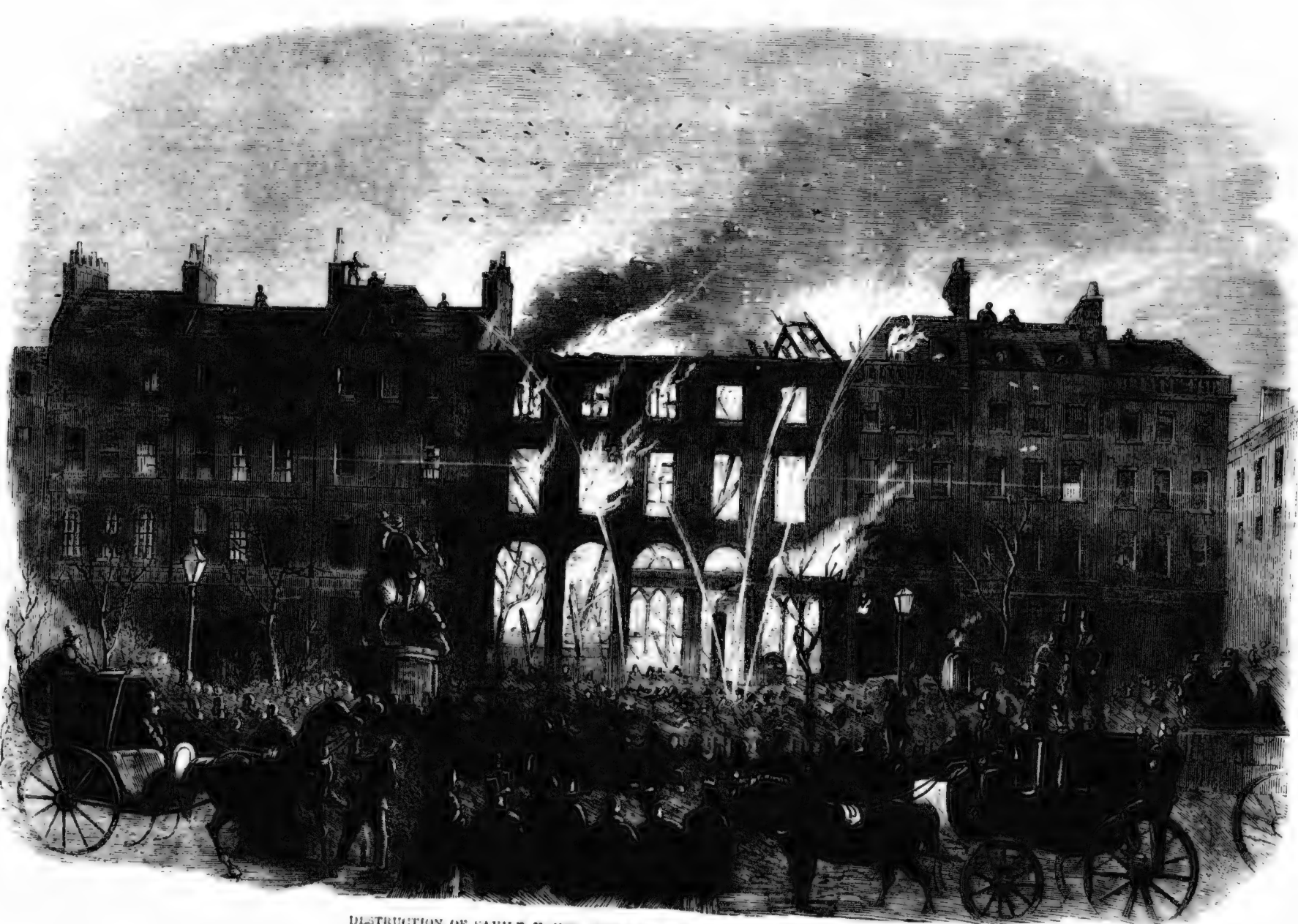
|| Appian, "Civil Wars," l. ex. 326, Schweighæuser's edition.

¶ Cicero, "Epistolæ ad Atticum," xiv. (v.)





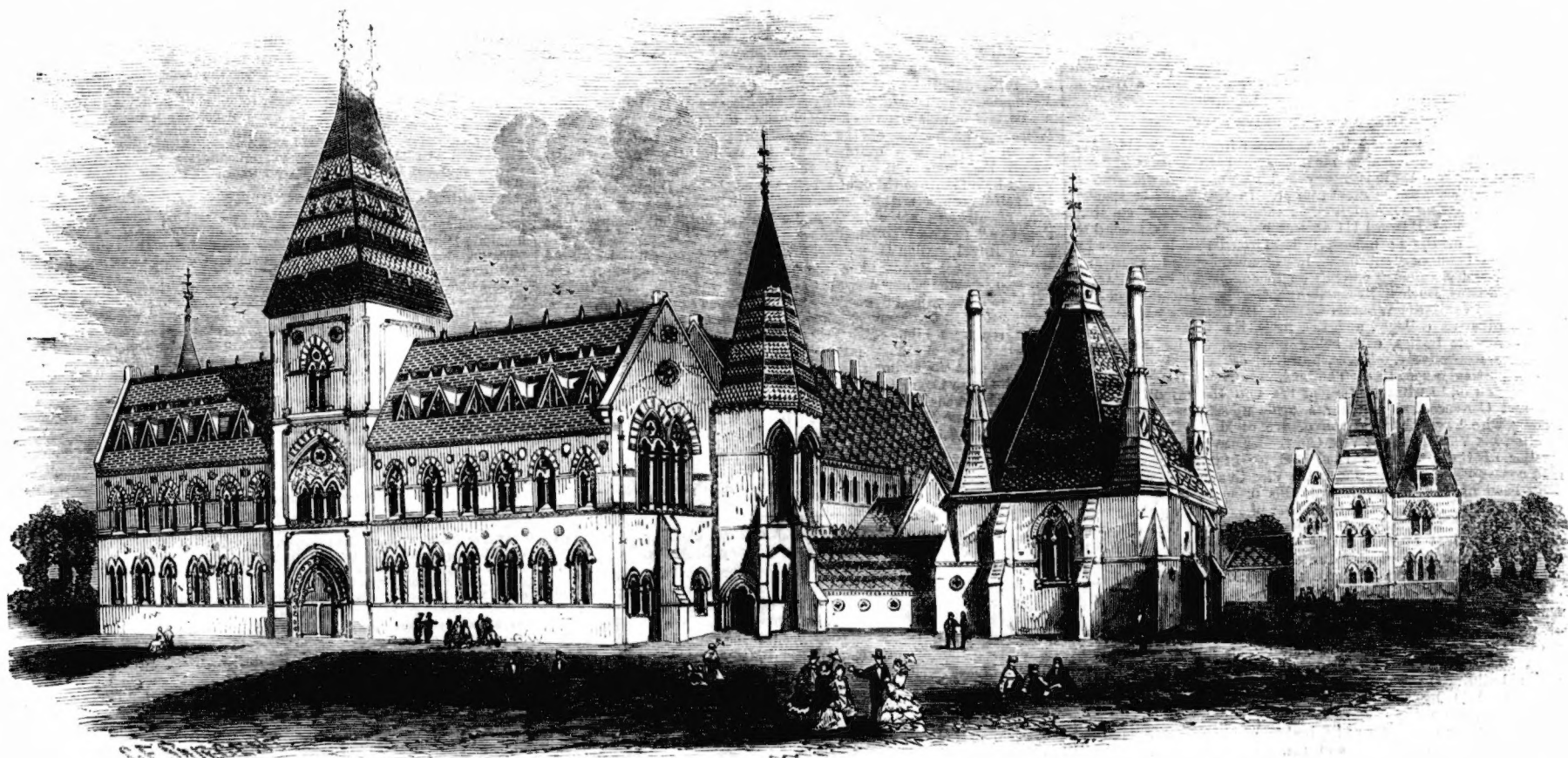
THE INTERMENT OF THE LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN IN S<sup>T</sup>. MARY'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CEMETERY, KENSAL-GREEN.—SEE PAGE 139.



DESTRUCTION OF SAVILE HOUSE BY FIRE ON TUESDAY NIGHT.—SEE PAGE 131.



THE NEW UNIVERSITY MUSEUM AT OXFORD.



EXTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM AND CURATOR'S HOUSE.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY MUSEUM AT OXFORD.  
HISTORY OF THE CITY.

OXFORD stands on a slight eminence between the rivers Isis and Cherwell, and near their confluence, and, as seen from Hinkley-hill, the Henley road, Shotover-hill, and midway between the villages of Ifley and Cowley, the various distant views of it are assuredly unrivalled for the quantity of spires, pinnacles, towers, and domes that break the outline "against the sky."

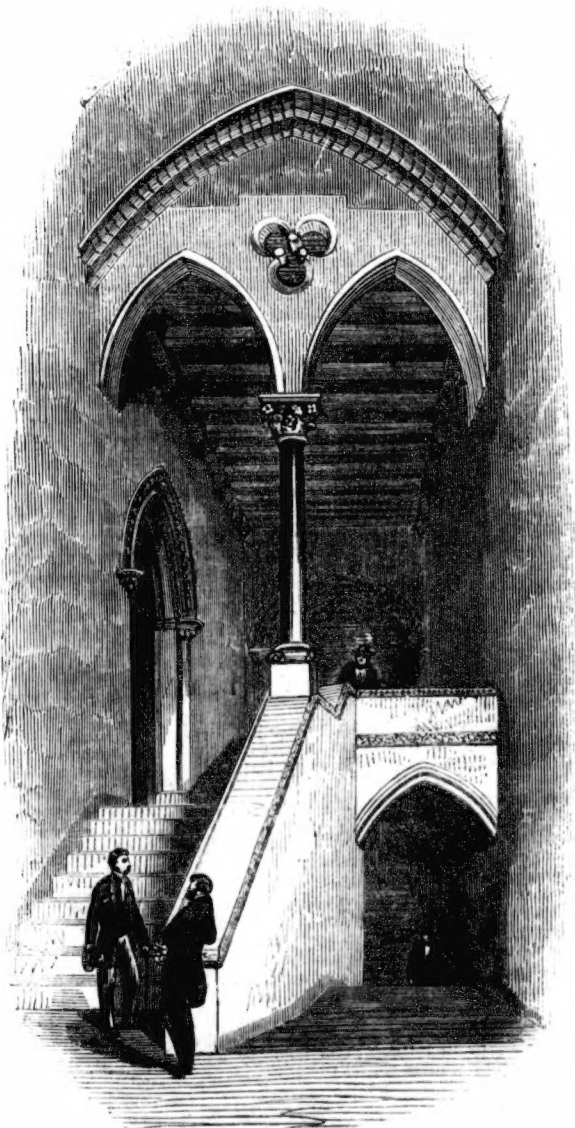
A considerable amount of obscurity hangs over the early history of Oxford, and our present space at command will not allow us to enter into the discussion of the various controversies that have taken place from time to time in attempts to give its foundation an almost fabulous antiquity. Suffice it now to say that it was a place of some consequence in the time of the Saxons, and was frequently at that period the abode of Royalty. King Alfred the Great is said to have resided here, and many of his coins still exist on which the name of the city is inscribed. In 1010 Oxford was burned by the Danes, but was afterwards rapidly restored; for, not long after, it is related that it was the residence of Edmund Ironsides, who died here, as was supposed by unfair means, in 1016; and during the reign of his successor, Canute, the great council of the nation was held at Oxford. After the death of Canute, it was here that

the noted council met to decide on the rival claims of Harold and Hardicanute to the throne. In accordance with their decision, Harold was crowned at Oxford. At the Norman invasion Oxford refused to submit to the Conqueror; and when, after his coronation, he marched into Oxfordshire the authorities resolutely denied his admission into the city. The consequence of this was that William stormed the walls, and wreaked a terrible vengeance on the inhabitants; and, the more effectually to keep them in subjection, he gave a large portion of land to one of his principal followers, Robert D'Oilli, on condition of his erecting and maintaining a castle in the city. Oxford, however, was in a great measure raised from its fallen condition by the presence and favour of Henry I., who appears to have entertained a great partiality for the town, as Wood the historian asserts, from his having been educated there. The King built for himself a residence in Oxford, which was called Beaumont Palace, and which was occasionally occupied by Royalty down to the time of Edward II., who gave it to the society of Carmelite friars for a monastery. A dilapidated fragment of this monastery remained until 1830, when it was removed to make way for a new street, which, from its occupying the site of the palace, was called Beaumont-street. Henry also conferred on the inhabitants of Oxford a charter of incorporation. Robert D'Oilli, the nephew of the Robert who built the castle, also con-

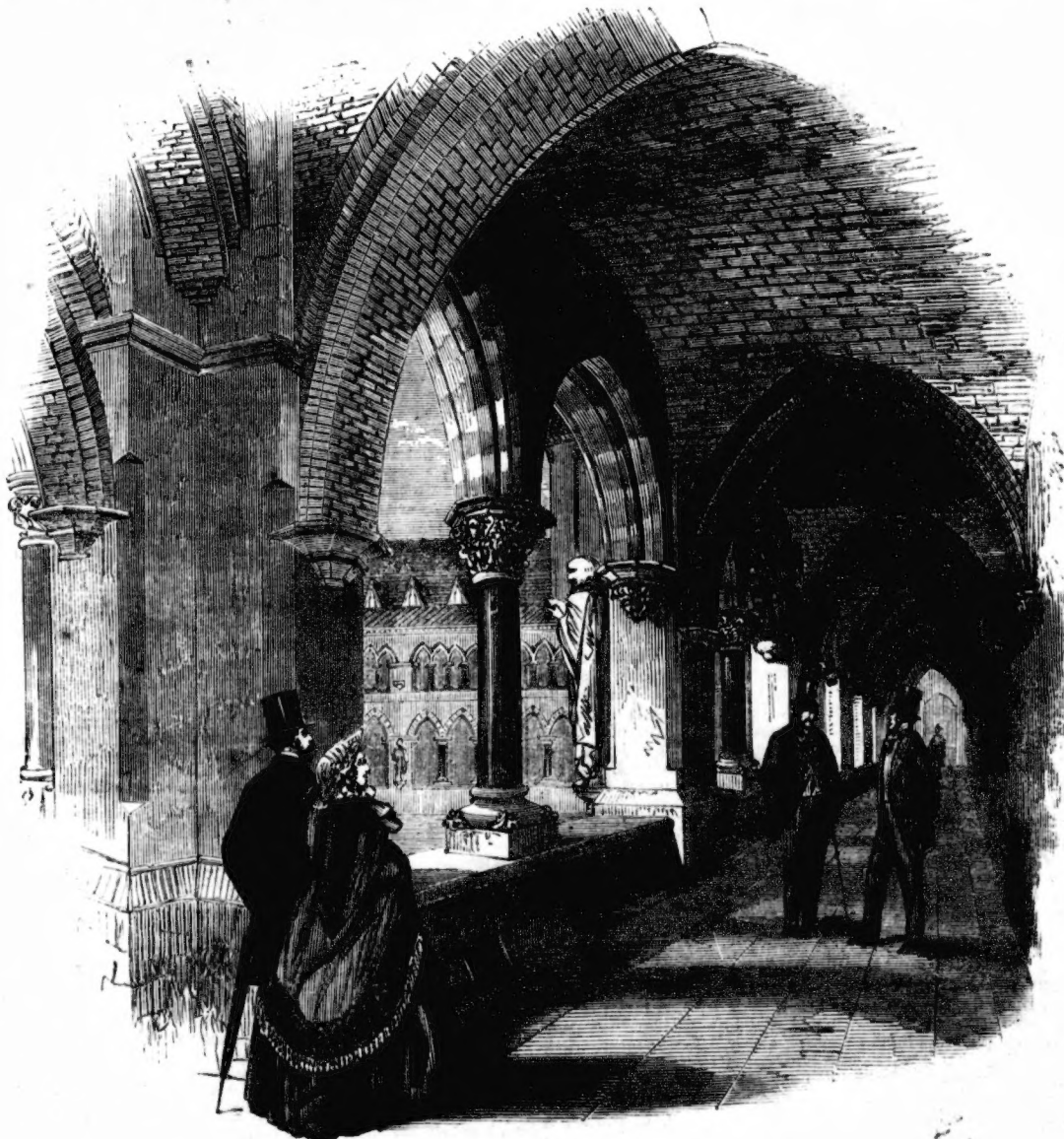
tributed to the prosperity of the city by the foundation of the Abbey of Oseney.

Early in the following reign Oxford witnessed the treacherous arrest of the Bishops of Salisbury, Ely, and Lincoln, an event that had no small share in producing the dire calamities of the ensuing years. Stephen summoned a council at Oxford in 1139. Among the chief men of the nation who were called to take part in it was Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, then one of the most powerful of the English prelates. Roger had been treasurer and justiciary to Henry I., and, though he held no office under Stephen, his general influence remained unimpaired. Roger was eminently distinguished for learning and ability, and scarcely less so by his great wealth and the manner in which he expended it. According to William of Malmesbury, "he erected splendid mansions on all his estates; his cathedral, which he rebuilt, he dignified to the utmost with matchless ornaments and buildings, on which no expense was spared." As may be well supposed, such a powerful ecclesiastic as Roger became an object of envy to Stephen, who soon planned means for his overthrow. After which, in the war between Stephen and Matilda, Oxford Castle was garrisoned for the Empress-Queen, and hither it was she fled when driven out of London by the citizens.

From the time of Henry II. the city of Oxford is chiefly spoken of in connection with its University, upon whose prosperity



NORTH-WEST STAIRCASE OF THE MUSEUM.



PART OF THE CORRIDOR ON THE GROUND FLOOR.



became to a considerable extent dependent. After the cruel and atrocious burning of the martyrs Latimer, Ridley, and Crammer, the climax of the troubles of both city and University happened, when they fell into the hands of the Puritans, who, with a ruthless fanaticism, destroyed all that came before them.

#### GOVERNMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Oxford University received its first charter from Henry III. We may state that the learning most esteemed in the thirteenth century was that scholastic theology and metaphysical doctrine of which Duns Scotus was the great master. In this peculiar species of profound learning Oxford became especially famous, so that before the reign of Edward III. it was considered only second to the University of Paris; indeed, it is affirmed that it possessed a more famous band of "subtle and invincible doctors" than any foreign University, amongst whom we may enumerate Hales, Bacon, Middleton, Scotus, Burley, Baconsthorpe, Ockham, Holcot, and the profound Bradwardine. What is termed the University of Oxford comprises nineteen colleges and five halls, the former of which are all corporate bodies, each being governed by its own head and statutes respectively. These, however, can only legislate for their own particular societies. The business of the University, as such, is carried on in what are termed the two Houses of Congregation and Convocation, which are made up of members of the University who have obtained the degree of M.A. In these the Chancellor, his Vicar, and the Vice-Chancellor always preside. The Chancellor of the University is elected for life by Convocation. Next in consequence, as in power, is the Vice-Chancellor, who is the resident head of the establishment, his deputies being the two Proctors. These Proctors have the power of interposing their veto or non-placet upon all questions, in Congregation and Convocation, which puts a stop at once to all further proceedings. They are essentially the *censores morum* of the University, and their powers extend over a circumference of three miles round the walls of the city.

#### THE NEW UNIVERSITY MUSEUM.

Our principal illustration represents an accurate perspective view of the above remarkable building, together with the Curator's house, on the right, sketched expressly by our Artist from the buildings themselves. The foundation-stone of the museum was laid by the Earl of Derby in 1855; and comprehends much more than what is generally understood to be a museum proper, for within its walls, besides containing an extensive collection of objects of nature and art, the sciences of medicine, chemistry, anatomy, zoology, metallurgy, and experimental philosophy will be taught by professors of eminence profoundly qualified for the task.

The principal internal feature of the building is a grand central hall or quadrangle, 112 ft. square, surrounded by an upper and lower corridor of peculiar design, 11 ft. wide each. These galleries will be lighted by a double series of pointed open arches, the lower ranges being in pairs and divided from each other by massive stone piers, on the fronts of which, sustained by appropriate corbels, are to be placed statues of the great founders and improvers of natural knowledge:—1st. Ancient—as investigators of mathematics, mechanical, and astronomical truths, including Euclid, Archimedes, and Hipparchus; and, as investigators of organised nature, Aristotle, Hippocrates, and Pliny. 2nd. Modern—as Bacon, Galileo, Newton, Leibnitz, Oersted, Lavoisier, Linnaeus, Cuvier, Harvey, Hunter, Sydenham, and Watt. In addition to the above, the following names have also been suggested to the sub-delegacy appointed to carry out the works—viz., Black, Cavendish, Copernicus, Dalton, Davy, Franklin, Haller, Herschel, Jenner, Kepler, Lagrange, Laplace, Morgagni, Priestley, Ray, Volta, and Young. Of these statues her Majesty has already presented those of Galileo, Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, and Oersted, the two last named of which have been executed in Caen stone by Mr. Munro, of London, and that of Bacon is by Mr. Woolner. These works of the sculptor's art, when completed, will form the finest collection of portrait statues in the kingdom; they are to be all cut from the solid in Caen stone, at a cost of about £70 each. Those of Aristotle and Cuvier have been presented by the undergraduates.

One of the most interesting, original, and instructive parts of the decorative features of the interior is that the capitals and shafts forming the windows of the central court illustrate the natural history of various epochs, climates, and regions; the former being carved to represent leafage and flowers, and the latter being worked in the various kinds of British rocks, as marble, granite, porphyry, &c., selected in illustration of geology, thus forming a pleasing sermon in stones. The roof of the quadrangle, constructed of iron, wood, and glass, is supported by twenty-eight clustered columns, in iron, the intervening spandrels between which to be filled in with representations of the foliage of British trees—such as the oak, chestnut, sycamore, maple, &c. Around the north, south, and western corridors on the ground floor of the building are arranged the various lecture-rooms and rooms for the professors and students; and at each end of the western corridor is a spacious staircase communicating with the upper floor, in which is situated a general library and a reading-room, each of which are 80 ft. long by 25 ft. wide. On this floor there is also a general lecture-room, 58 ft. 6 in. by 33 ft., besides what is termed "Mr. Hope's Museum," and numerous rooms for professors and students. As will be seen by our engraving, the structure is irregular in plan, and is highly picturesque in its general outline. The octagonal adjunct on the right (which somewhat reminds us of the old Glastonbury kitchen) is the laboratory. Slightly in the distance to the right of the picture is the residence of Professor Phillips, Curator to the museum. The principal façade of the edifice is 194 ft. in length, by an average depth of 145 ft. Its height from the ground-line to the eaves of the roof is 75 ft., the vertical height above this level being 48 ft. We may further observe that coloured materials have been very successfully employed in the constructive features of the building. Bath stone has been used in the general facings of the walls; but red sandstone, the gift of J. Miles, Esq., Somerset, is introduced alternately with Bath in the arched heads; also Coventry and Kenilworth red stone. The roofs are covered with Welsh green, blue, and red slates, in various patterns, intermixed with glass slates ½ in. thick, and of the same sizes as the Welsh slates. This magnificent museum has been erected from the designs of Sir Thomas Deane and Son and B. Woodward, architects, Dublin, and St. James's-street, London, and undoubtedly is one of the most remarkable structures of modern times that has been erected in England, partaking largely of Venetian and Rhenish characteristics. Mr. C. C. Bramwell was the assistant resident architect, and Messrs. Lucas Brothers, builders, London, were the contractors for the works.

Our two minor illustrations are severally part of the lower corridor that surrounds the great hall, and a portion of the north-west staircase, which, we trust, will give our readers an idea of the peculiar constructive features of the interior of this building. That of the corridor shows the capitals, shafts, and one of the statues of eminent men to which we have adverted.

#### THE OPERA.

GOETHE never allowed two years to elapse without reading Molière through. We are reminded of this by the fact that he have allowed two representations of Molière's "Médécine Malgré Lui" to take place without attending either. The long-promised English version of this work, with M. Gounod's music, was brought out on Monday, with considerable success. It was repeated on Tuesday, and we had every intention of hearing it on Wednesday, which, however, being the first day of Lent, was, of course, a theatrical *dies non*. In the meanwhile, we may as well point out to some of our contemporaries that they are quite wrong in supposing Gounod to be the first composer who has treated Molière's comedy operatically. It was made into a libretto by Désaugiers the younger, and set to music by Désaugiers the elder, about the end of the last century, and brought out at the Théâtre Feytaud. The subject is an excellent one for a comic opera, supposing that the singers intrusted with the principal parts are able to act. This is

a very rare talent on the part of our English vocalists; and we can fancy the "Mock Doctor," as said or sung at Covent Garden, being a good deal less amusing than the "Médécine Malgré Lui" as represented by the admirable company of the Théâtre Français. The "Mock Doctor," by-the-way, is by no means a correct translation of Molière's title; but Mr. Charles Kenney, the author of the adaptation performed at the Royal Italian Opera, was quite right to retain the name under which Fielding's version of the comedy became known. It would be difficult to think of a better one. "The Doctor in spite of Himself" would not be idiomatic English. Moreover, the first title of all was not "Le Médécine Malgré Lui," but simply "Le Fagotier" ("The Woodcutter").

The Royal Italian Opera is announced to open on the 28th of March. Signor Pancani, a tenor, who has been singing for the last two or three winter seasons at Moscow, where he generally had a cold (an excusable offence, however, in those regions, even for a *tenore robusto*), has been engaged. Let us hope that our climate will agree with him. Meyerbeer's "Africaine" is, it seems, not to be brought out at the Royal Italian Opera at all. We are informed that the acting right has at length been secured by the English Opera Company. If so, we trust they will think fit to engage the French singers of the original cast. Let them, if they like, sing in the French language. It will be quite as intelligible as much of the English that is now sung by our own singers.

#### Literature

*Faces for Fortunes.* By AUGUSTUS MAYHEW, Author of "Paved with Gold," &c. 3 vols. Tinsley Brothers.

Mr. Augustus Mayhew is not to be confounded with "fast" writers, good, bad, or indifferent. He resembles them in no one particular, except that his mind keeps upon the surface of life and moves playfully. While they, the best of them as well as the worst, torture the subject till they get the fun out of it, rack it until it makes a grimace, churn it till the butter comes, Mr. Augustus Mayhew is distinguished, at the first glance, by the graceful ease of his humour. The humour, too, is in itself exquisite, subtle, and abounding. Sometimes he is wanting to himself, but when he is not the delight of the reader never fails. We have laughed more heartily over the writings of Mr. Augustus Mayhew than over those of any living writer except Mr. Dickens.

What is the essence of the humour of this very remarkable writer is not easy to say. We have, now and then, tried our hands at the question, but have not been able to answer it to our own satisfaction. Two or three things, indeed, we cannot help discerning, for they lie upon the surface. First, extreme simplicity and innocence of manner. When Mr. Mayhew is at his best, it is as if a budding virgin of sixteen, not yet "out," and totally ignorant of the wickedness of the world, were telling you anecdotes of society. Here, of course, is one source of the humour—the incongruity between the attitude of the story-teller and the secret significance of the story. Again, the same harmless simplicity of manner becomes a source of humour when Mr. Mayhew has anything extravagant or downright impossible to tell you. Without any break in style, he passes on from the commonplace to the incredible, never betraying the least consciousness that he is making the transition. From an ordinary drawing-room story, he proceeds, with no "solution of continuity" in his voice and countenance, to inform you—perhaps beginning a new paragraph—that Count Arkin, the famous Dutchman (we quote from memory), who had a pair of breeches for every day in the year, made his wife a present, on the day of her marriage, of a deed of gift of a hundred windmills. Now, in this short sentence there is more fun than in all Albert Smith ever wrote. With what *bonhomie* the writer takes it for granted that you will know Count Arkin, the famous Dutchman! How simple-heartedly he drops in, as if it were significant, the totally irrelevant circumstance of the 365 pairs of breeches! Lastly, when you expect, from the word "present," something like a diamond bracelet in a rich casket, you have the ridiculous picture of a bridegroom handing his bride a bit of parchment which "conveys" a hundred windmills. There are more of these surprising little effects in Mr. Augustus Mayhew than in anyone else known to us, except Hans Christian Andersen.

There is still another obvious source of incongruity (which is admitted to be the foundation of humour) in the writings of this gentleman, and it is, besides, a source of delight, apart from humour. Some few of us retain, and all of us can more or less recall, the first impressions made upon us by the company of charming and elegant women—the diffused light of their presence, the flashing colour, the pervading perfume, or still sweeter sough of perfume, the undulatory music of their speech, the softly-curving movement, the rustle, the glitter, the grace, the tenderness, the chaste glory that was all around us when women were nigh. But, on the other hand, the vast majority of people forget all about it. Of those who partly remember, how many can reproduce? But Mr. Augustus Mayhew can do it to perfection; and he does, in fact, in these charming pages, restore, by little gleams of suggestion, one's adolescent impressions of the loveliness of women and the beauty that comes floating with them into every place where they are found. Now, of course, this is pleasant; but it is, in addition, a source of humour, for the knowledge of the world displayed in the writing stands in the drollest contrast to the adolescent "view."

We do not at all pretend to have got to the bottom of the subject. The very peculiar humour of this writer is at once a nut to crack for a critic who can spare a good deal of time and labour, and a study for inferior artists. Perhaps, if he could only be persuaded that he holds in trust a thoroughly original and precious gift, he might be induced to take more pains in minor points than he has done in these volumes.

"Faces for Fortunes" may be called a Sketch-book of Love and Matrimony. It is ten times more interesting than a novel, and is, we assure the reader, a book to buy and to keep. We have laughed for the twentieth time over some of the happy passages, and expect to laugh again in company with others who have had the same experience. We will close our notice of Mr. Mayhew's volumes with a couple of extracts; the first about

#### FEMALE DRESS, ESPECIALLY MUSLIN.

The effect of a crisp, highly-starched muslin dress upon a man of quick emotions is rapid and startling. The first impulse is to crush it between the arms and crumple it up like a silver-paper balloon; but such desires cannot be indulged without the excuse of an affectionate embrace sanctioned by the parents of the young lady.

Is it not beautiful to gaze on the female form, clouded in fluttering gauze, and floating over the ground white and aerial as a puff of steam? Through the transparent skirt the embroidered petticoat displays its costly work, and the machinery of the little feet may be watched, as under a glass-case, with increasing interest. The shoulders are seen through the slight haze of the bodice, and they are delicately fair.

The second impulse with men of fine perceptions is to pat the half-revealed back. This, like the other indulgence, can only be enjoyed after the formalities of a proposal. It is the reward of virtue, and encourages nobility of mind.

There have been instances of demons in human form who became so enraged at the sight of a muslin dress that they would deliberately place their foot on the skirt and try to tear it. Such a villain was the late Mr. Arper.

The fendish expression of his eyes when he heard the rent is said to have suggested to Mr. Flaxman, the sculptor, his grand idea of the fallen angel. The artist persuaded Mr. Arper to sit to him, and as the work proceeded an assistant in the back room was constantly tearing up muslin.

June is the month for wearing fine clothes, for it abounds in choice opportunities for letting the world see how deeply you have studied the effects of colour, as exhibited in the dress-painting of the human form. Fine feathers help fine birds. There is no instance on record of a girl having been despised for dressing tastefully; and even if there were, what should we care for such a disgusting precedent?

That great and good man, the lamented Marquis D'Oupquins (who invented a pomatum), would frequently observe: "I like a showy dresser, a good dresser, with all her silk spread out—I worship it!"

Such an opinion is particularly worth recording, when we remember that the nobleman who delivered it was, as a youth, First Page of the Backstairs to the gorgeous Prince Regent, and had frequently assisted his Highness to lace his Royal stays.

Our second extract is on the subject of

#### TAKING BACHELORS.

About two years ago it was reported that the Chancellor of the Exchequer intended to bring into Parliament a bill authorising a tax to be levied upon bachelors. Whether this was seriously intended by Government, or whether it was merely one of those absurd political canards indulged in by title-tattlers in the hopes of creating confusion or gaining notoriety, we cannot assert; but the sensation created by the rumour shook London to its centre, and gained the enthusiastic support of all spinsters, both of uncertain and certain age, and with and without a mother's sheltering love to protect them.

Several influential meetings were held in some of the first drawing-rooms to consider the amount that ought to be levied per single man. At one meeting, so numerous attended that a lady of title was obliged to sit in the fireplace, it was unanimously resolved that six ladies (then present), the wives of members of Parliament, should be deputed to wait upon their husbands, and demand in the fiercest manner, and in the names of the women of England, that the bill be immediately hurried through the House and the tax levied directly. The mother of eight, all unmarried, spoke for two hours, without feeling the slightest fatigue, and then sat down only because she became monotonous. A grandmother moved the company to tears, and had to be removed. A widow, with four, uttered sarcasms so abusive that she carried the entire assembly with her, and was publicly thanked. Embroidery, tatting, and crochet were laid aside, the excitement causing false stitches and mistakes. The meeting was at last adjourned, and tea served.

At another and perhaps a more important gathering, held at the spacious mansion of a Miss Oldern, for the express purpose of learning the sentiments of the younger members of female society, a sweet little chit, with her hair down her back, spoke with great severity, and gave it as her opinion that any man who was unmarried after his twenty-first birthday ought to be banished, or at least warned not to do it again. Another lovely little minx, who admitted she had only left school "last half," declared that, if Government would allow her to have her way, she would order a law to be read in every church commanding that no single man should be allowed more than fifty pounds a year to live upon, and not that unless he reformed. Decidedly the climax, and the speech of the evening, was when Miss Oldern, after taking a cough lozenge and arranging her cap, called upon the company to be calm, and in energetic language introduced her sliding scale, according to which, youths under twenty-five were to pay an income tax of sixpence in the pound, and old boys of ninety certainly not less than nineteen shillings out of every sovereign, as a fine to Government, the proceeds to be annually divided amongst the neglected women of the British empire.

*Walks and Talks about London.* By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Lockwood and Co.

*The Old City, and its Highways and Byways.* By "ALEPH." W. H. Collingridge.

It must be owing to the fact that old London has, during the last few years, become an old literary subject that these two volumes do not perhaps seem the most satisfactory of their class. All the world knows that Mr. Timbs is not likely to write a line having no interest or value—there is no such line in "Walks and Talks"; but many of his pages, owing to his choice of subjects, are necessarily wanting in novelty, although Mr. Timbs has done his best to put new life into them by introducing many new anecdotes and facts which have escaped the research of former writers on this most fertile of subjects. Some of Mr. Timbs's chapters, and moreover the best of them, are entirely new. Especially good are those telling all about Hicks and Hicks's Hall, leading up to the late and memorable Campden House; and the Recollections of Sir Richard Phillips, whose valuable labours have never before been properly recognised. Mr. Timbs must have gathered from Sir Richard's own lips many of the curious facts respecting his career, which are now made public for the first time. Covent-garden, and Fleet-street, and the Temple of course claim especial pre-eminence in "Walks and Talks about London"; but the latter pages, devoted to Railway London, the Raising of Holborn Valley, and the Thatched House in St. James's-street, will be found more fresh, and, consequently, more entertaining.

"Aleph's" "Old City" is described as sketches of curious customs, characters, incidents, scenes, and events, illustrative of London life in the olden time. The volume is a reprint of various papers contributed to the *City Press*, and is a kind of second series of the author's former work, "London Scenes and London People." The Old City is here made to do duty of all kinds. There are papers on the Princess Charlotte, Queen Elizabeth, Old Volunteering, a dramatic vision of Raleigh, together with chapters on the many celebrated spots in Old London, which the reader may readily imagine for himself. "Aleph" writes with the pleasant gossip of an elderly gentleman, and does not scruple to give touches of his own biography as well as that of his friends. A great number of woodcuts decorate the volume.

*The Book of Perfumes.* By EUGENE RIMMEL. Chapman and Hall.

This "Book of Perfumes" comprises a few pages on the physiology of odours in general, and a history of perfumes and cosmetics from ancient to modern times; and certain subjects, which may be called almost technical, are treated very briefly, and serve to fill up a handsome volume. It might be thought that the history of perfumes could never take up 250 large pages; but perfumes are allied to the most important things in life—to the toilet especially, and subsequently to dinners and entertainments of all kinds. Not merely modern England and France are touched upon. There is the "Far East," with its perfumes as used 2000 years ago; there are the Greeks and the Romans, Orientals and uncivilised nations. With the Jews and the Egyptians, perfumes performed the most important offices, sacred and profane; and, indeed, in our England to-day we have but to go to St. George's-fields, to St. John's-wood, Brompton, Spanish-place, or Warwick-street, to find perfumes also doing the double office. Mr. Rimmel writes with intelligence and humour, and seems to have appropriate literature at his fingers' ends. He is apt in classical and general quotation; introduces an anecdote with ease, and illuminates his subject in many felicitous ways. Moreover, in a preface, Mr. Rimmel says—"If I have avoided recipes, I have also shunned any allusions to my personal trade. As a man of business, I do not underrate the value of advertisements; but I like everything in its place, and consider this hybrid mixture of literature and puff an insult to the good sense of the reader." The volume, which is illustrated with woodcuts on nearly every page, treating of a great variety of subjects, is, as we suppose ought to be the case with a book of perfumes, powerfully scented.

*The History of the Reform Bill of 1832.* By the Rev. W. N. MOLESWORTH, M.A., Incumbent of St. Clement's, Rochdale. Chapman and Hall.

This is something more than a "History of the Reform Bill of 1832." It is a history of reform in modern ages, briefly touching on Cromwell and the Long Parliament, but beginning formally with the reform movement in 1745. The opposition of the elder Pitt and his conversion are given at greater length, and much space is devoted to the failures of Lord John Russell before he finally succeeded, in 1832. Mr. Molesworth seems to be indebted principally to newspapers for his information; but he has put the material in good order, and as copiously as could be wished. Possibly some condensation of the many long speeches quoted in these pages would have made the book better as a narrative. Just now the subject has great interest. It would seem that a reform bill of to-day would be introduced for other reasons than those which introduced and carried that of '32; and Earl Russell's recent political production proves him, at all events, to be consistent with his old beliefs, and therefore scarcely likely to take any personal trouble in further extension of the suffrage. The Reform Bill may be said to have succeeded in its object, and so lay claim to be final; but another may be wanted for all that.

**FEARFUL BOAT ACCIDENT.**—On Tuesday afternoon, two of the boats belonging to the training-ship Worcester, stationed off Erith, were sailing near the sewer outfall, when one of them capsized, and before the other boat could render assistance ten of the cadets were drowned. There were about sixteen boys in each boat at the time, and the remaining six were picked up by a boat of the Worcester and taken ashore, where they were restored to animation. It is said that a boy's cap falling overboard was the cause of the accident, and in endeavouring to regain it the boat swayed, and a puff catching the sails she went over. One boy saved two, but, others clinging to him, he was at last drowned.



**CAUTION. — Chlorodyne. — In Chancery**  
Vice-Chancellor Sir W. P. Wood stated that Dr. Browne was undoubtedly the inventor—eminent hospital physicians of London stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was the discoverer of Chlorodyne—that they prescribe it largely, and mean no other than Dr. Browne's. *Times*, July 13, 1884. The public, therefore, are cautioned against using any other than Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. It is affirmed by medical testimonials to be the most efficacious medicine for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, SPASMS, RHEUMATISM, &c. No home should be without it. Sold in bottles, 4s. and 4s. 6d. J. T. FORT, 43, Great Russell-street, London, W. Sole manufacturer. Observe particularly, none genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp.



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